

dargaud
presents

Lieutenant

BLUEBERRY

THUNDER IN THE WEST



EGMONT/METHUEN



Charlier & Giraud

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BLUEBERRY
THUNDER IN THE WEST**



Translated by Anthea Bell and Derek Hockridge

EGMONT/METHUEN

SMOKE SIGNALS AND WAR DRUMS HAVE ROUSED ALL THE APACHE TRIBES FROM THE LLANO ESTACADO TO THE GILA RIVER... REPRESENTATIVES OF THE MESCALEROS, ACOMAS, ZUNIS AND TONTOS, AS WELL AS SOME NAVAJOS, ANSWERING THE SUMMONS OF THE GREAT CHIEF, COCHISE, HAVE COME TO HIS CAMP IN THE MOGOLLON MOUNTAINS. THE POW-WOW IS BEGINNING!



MY BROTHERS... THE BLUECOAT CHIEF, ACCUSING THE APACHES OF A CRIME THEY NEVER COMMITTED, ASKED TO MEET THEM AND PALAVER... PROMISING THEM SAFE CONDUCT!

BUT THE TONGUE OF THE BLUECOAT CHIEF IS FORKED! HIS SOLDIERS TRAPPED AND CAPTURED THE BRAVEST OF OUR CHIEFS!



I, COCHISE, WAS NEARLY TAKEN* ... THE PALEFACES HAVE BROKEN THE PEACE! ONLY IF WE ALL UNITE CAN WE DEFEAT THEM!



TOGETHER, THE RED MEN CAN WIN BACK THEIR STOLEN HUNTING GROUNDS... BUT FIRST I WISH TO HEAR WHAT MY BROTHERS SAY. UGH! I HAVE SPOKEN!



ARE WE ALL SQUAWS? THE BLUE COATS MUST PAY FOR THEIR TREACHERY!

DRIVE THEM FROM OUR LANDS!

LET US RIDE TO FREE OUR CAPTIVE BROTHERS!

OUR BRAVES ARE EAGER FOR NEW SCALPS! DEATH TO THE PALE-FACES!



WAIT...MY BROTHERS' TONGUES ARE SWIFT AS THEIR ARROWS, BUT WHAT OF THE CHIEFS IN THE BLUECOATS' HANDS? THEY WILL DIE!



*SEE "FORT NAVAJO"



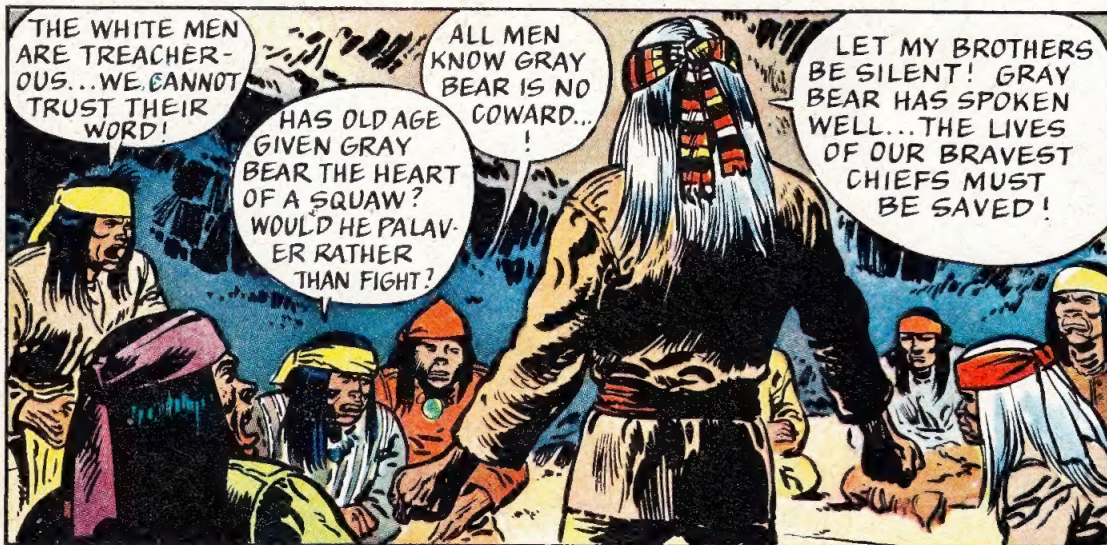
WE MUST SAVE THEM!
THE PALEFACES ARE WEAK
AND ISOLATED... WE ARE
STRONG, AND THEY KNOW
IT! THAT IS WHY THEY
TRIED TO CAPTURE
COCHISE!



NOW THEY HAVE FAILED.
THEY MAY BE GLAD OF A
CHANCE TO ESCAPE!



LET US OFFER
TO LET THEM LEAVE
FORT NAVAJO UN-
HARMED IF THEY
SET OUR BROTHERS
FREE!



THE WHITE MEN
ARE TREACHER-
OUS... WE CANNOT
TRUST THEIR
WORD!

HAS OLD AGE
GIVEN GRAY
BEAR THE HEART
OF A SQUAW?
WOULD HE PALAV-
ER RATHER
THAN FIGHT?

ALL MEN
KNOW GRAY
BEAR IS NO
COWARD...

LET MY BROTHERS
BE SILENT! GRAY
BEAR HAS SPOKEN
WELL... THE LIVES
OF OUR BRAVEST
CHIEFS MUST
BE SAVED!



WILL
COCHISE
SPEAK WITH
THE BLUECOATS
AGAIN?

NO... WE
HAVE TAKEN
SOME PRISONERS.
ONE OF THEM WILL
CARRY MY
MESSAGE!



MEANWHILE, IN FORT NAVAJO, THREE DAYS
HAVE PASSED IN DESPERATE ANXIETY... NONE
OF THE MESSENGERS SENT EAST OR NORTH
COULD GET THROUGH THE INDIAN LINES,
AND THE FEW CIVILIANS WHO REACHED THE
FORT SAFELY CONFIRM THAT THE LITTLE
GARRISON IS CUT OFF, SURROUNDED
BY REBELLIOUS APACHES IN THE MIDST
OF A VAST TERRITORY.

HI, CRAIG!
IT'S DAWN...
I'M ON DUTY NOW.
YOU GET SOME
REST. ANYTHING
NEW?

NOT A DARN
THING... ONLY
THOSE ETERNAL
SMOKE SIGNALS AND
THE DRUMS. WHAT'S
COCHISE HATCHING UP?
THIS WAITING WILL
DRIVE US ALL
CRAZY!

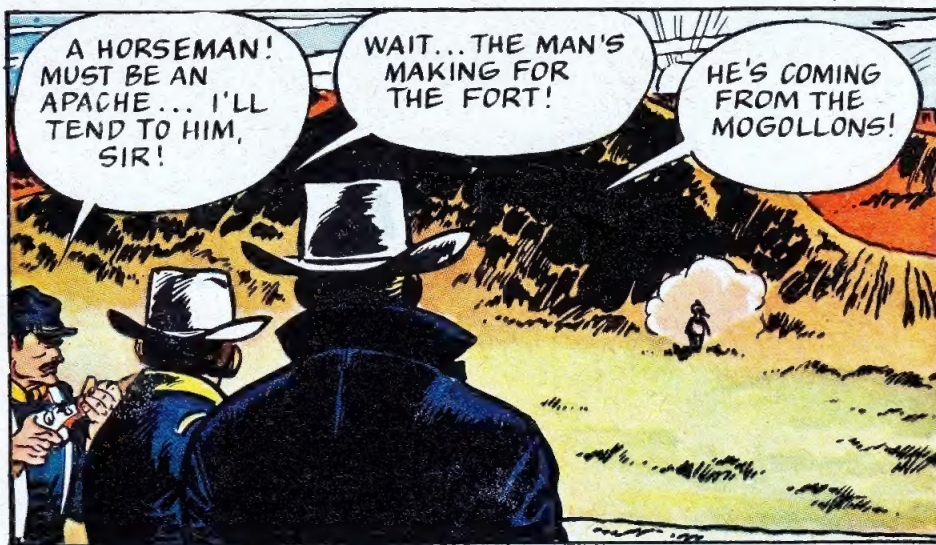


I WOULDN'T BE TOO KEEN
FOR THE APACHES TO ATTACK.
THERE'S ONLY A FEW OF US...
SURE, WE'D DIE FIGHTING
...



...BUT THERE ARE
WOMEN AND CHILDREN
HERE... YOU ASK
CROWE WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN TO...

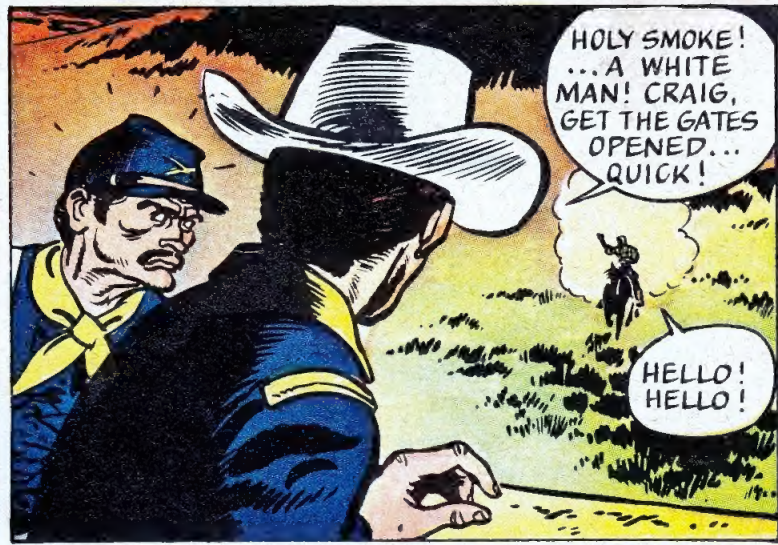
HEY,
LOOK!
SEE THAT?



A HORSEMAN!
MUST BE AN
APACHE... I'LL
TEND TO HIM,
SIR!

WAIT... THE MAN'S
MAKING FOR
THE FORT!

HE'S COMING
FROM THE
MOGOLLONS!



HOLY SMOKE!
... A WHITE
MAN! CRAIG,
GET THE GATES
OPENED...
QUICK!

HELLO!
HELLO!

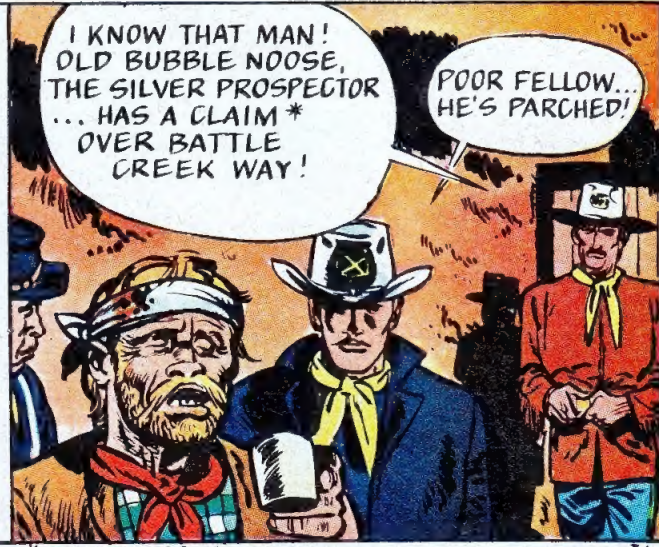
A FEW MINUTES
LATER...



HE'S WOUNDED
...AND RIDING
AN INDIAN
PONY!

I GOT TO
SEE THE COM-
MANDING OF-
FICER...
QUICK!

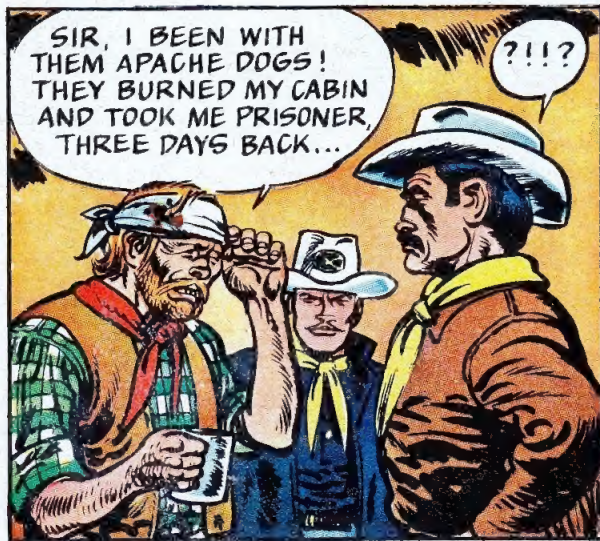
CLEEVE,
GO FIND
MAJOR
BASCOM!



I KNOW THAT MAN!
OLD BUBBLE NOOSE,
THE SILVER PROSPECTOR
... HAS A CLAIM *
OVER BATTLE
CREEK WAY!

POOR FELLOW...
HE'S PARCHED!

* MINING CONCESSION



SIR, I BEEN WITH
THEM APACHE DOGS!
THEY BURNED MY CABIN
AND TOOK ME PRISONER,
THREE DAYS BACK...

?!?!?



THEY CARRIED OFF
AT LEAST TWENTY FOLKS
...THE GOLDEN PASS MINERS
THE KEATON FAMILY FROM
DIAMOND RANCH.
THEY...

YOU
GOT
AWAY?



NO... THEY LET ME GO.
I... I GOT A MESSAGE FOR
YOU, SIR. THERE'S AT LEAST
TWO THOUSAND REDSKINS
UP THERE IN THE MOUN-
TAINS.



THAT
STINKING
RAT COCHISE
SEND YOU?

YUP... SAYS
HE'LL LET YOU
FALL BACK ON
TUCSON OR
ALBUQUERQUE
...



WHAT?

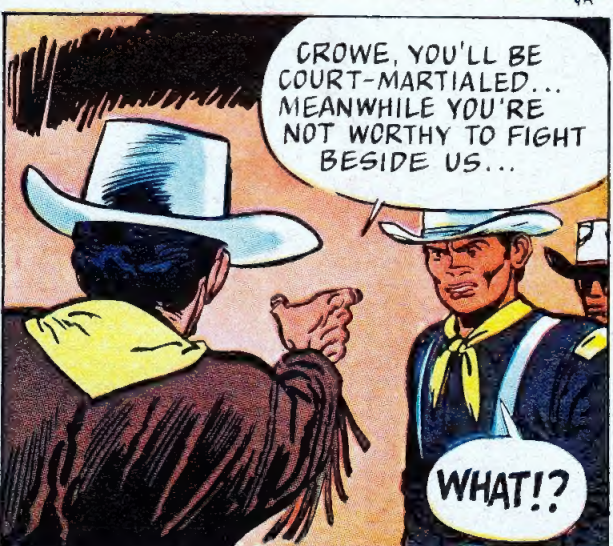
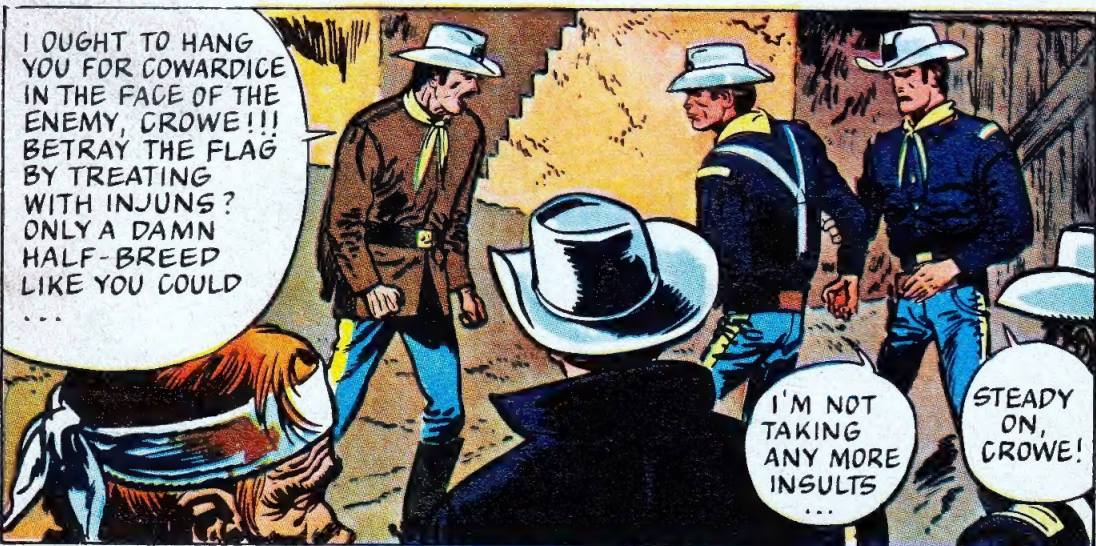
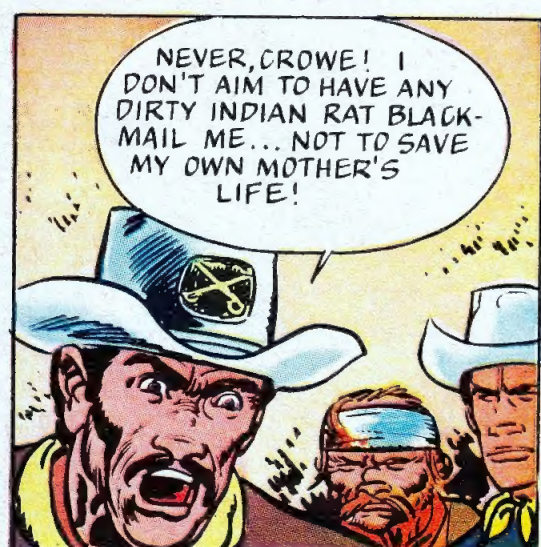
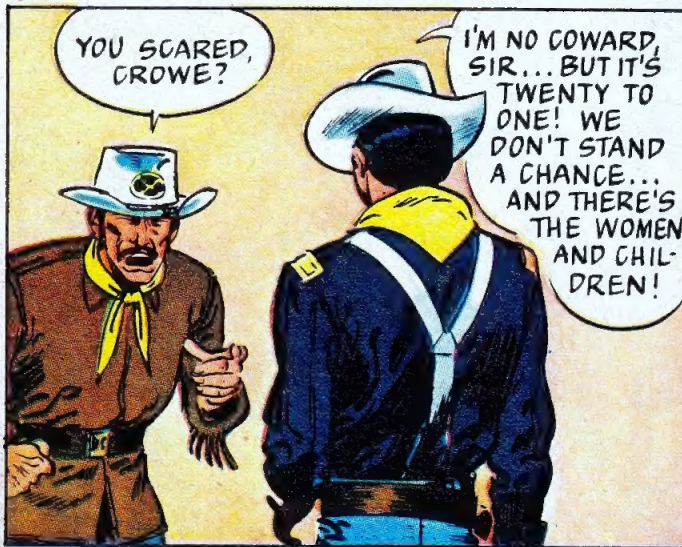
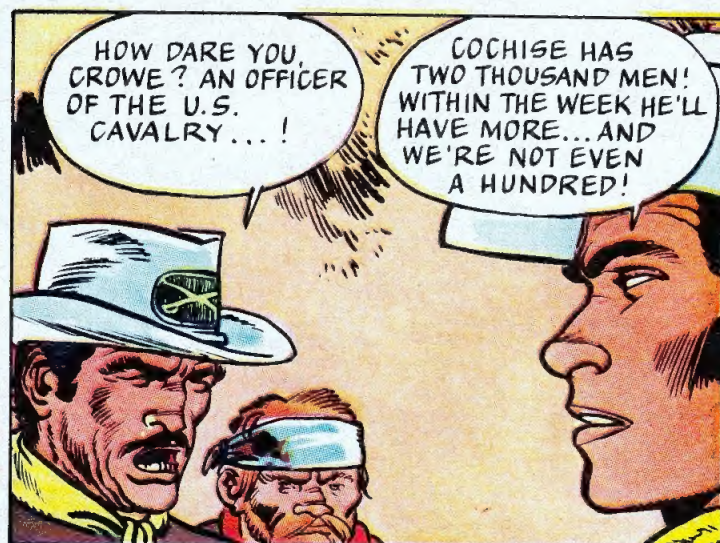
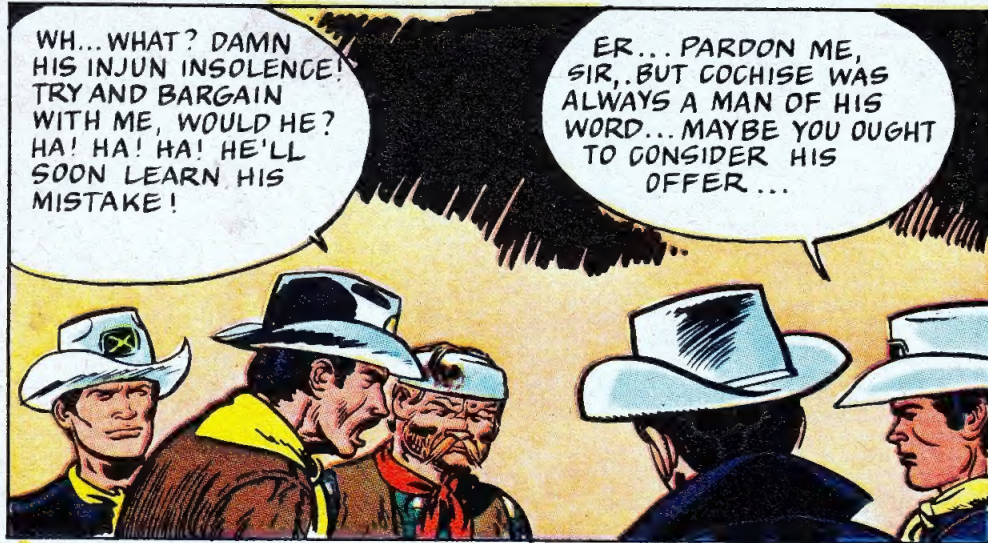
HOLD IT...
WHAT'S THE CATCH,
BUBBLE NOOSE?

YOU GOT
TO FREE
THEM
APACHE
CHIEFS,
SIR...



AND IF I REFUSE?

IF THEY AIN'T
BACK AT THEIR
OWN CAMP BY
MIDNIGHT,
COCHISE IS LET-
TIN' HIS WARRIORS
LOOSE ON FORT
NAVAJO!

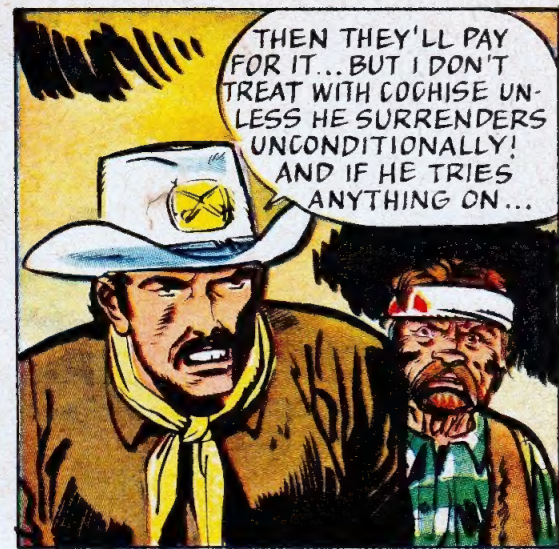




PARDON ME, SIR, BUT THIS DON'T GET US NO FERRADER! YOU GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT COCHISE'S OFFER...AND FOR LORD'S SAKE, REMEMBER HE HAS HOSTAGES!

SO HAVE I, BUBBLE NOOSE...SO HAVE I!

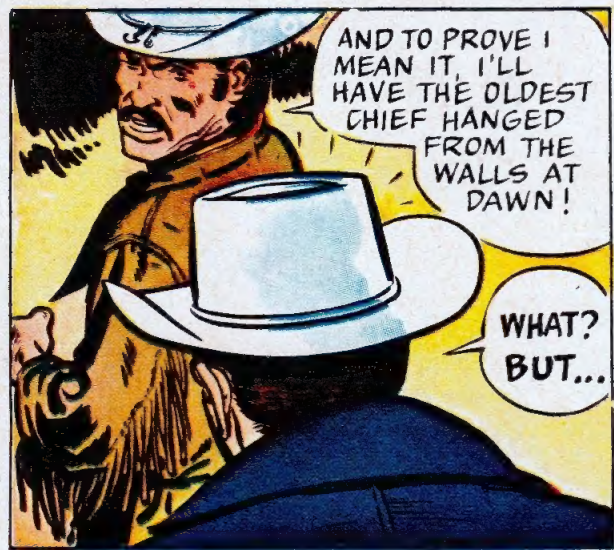
SIR, THE APACHES COULD EASILY MURDER THEIR PRISONERS!



THEN THEY'LL PAY FOR IT... BUT I DON'T TREAT WITH COCHISE UNLESS HE SURRENDERS UNCONDITIONALLY! AND IF HE TRIES ANYTHING ON...



...THEN I'LL HANG ALL THE CAPTURED APACHE CHIEFS RIGHT AWAY! AND THE YOUNGEST OF 'EM CAN TAKE COCHISE THAT MESSAGE!



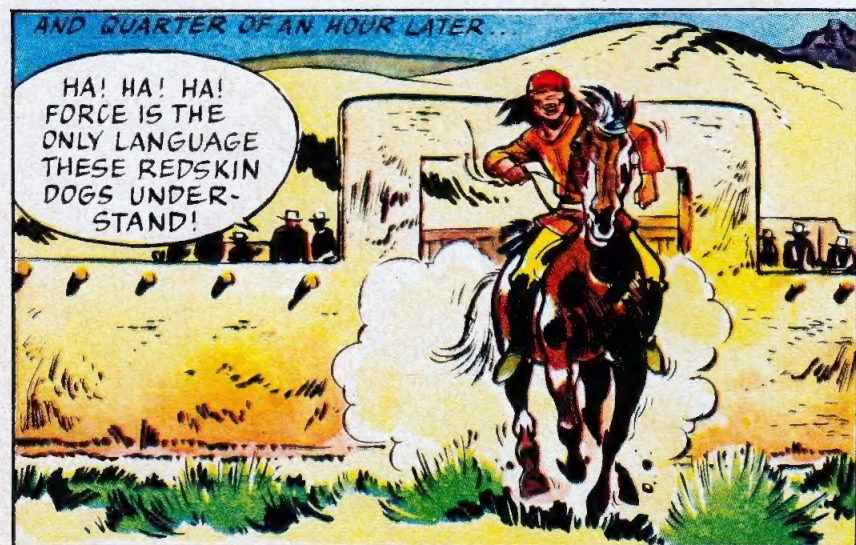
AND TO PROVE I MEAN IT, I'LL HAVE THE OLDEST CHIEF HANGED FROM THE WALLS AT DAWN!

WHAT? BUT...



BUT THAT'S MONSTROUS...UNJUST!

TAKE YOUR SCRUPLES SOME PLACE ELSE, CRAIG...THOSE INJUNS DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FAIR PLAY!



AND QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER...

HA! HA! HA! FORCE IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE THESE REDSKIN DOGS UNDERSTAND!



LANDSAKES...THAT BRAVE WILL MEET UP WITH HIS BROTHERS PRETTY SOON, AND THEN...

HE'S CRAZY! HE'S SACRIFICING COCHISE'S PRISONERS... COCHISE WILL NEVER SURRENDER!

RIGHT NOW THERE'S SOMEONE BOTHERING ME WORSE THAN COCHISE!

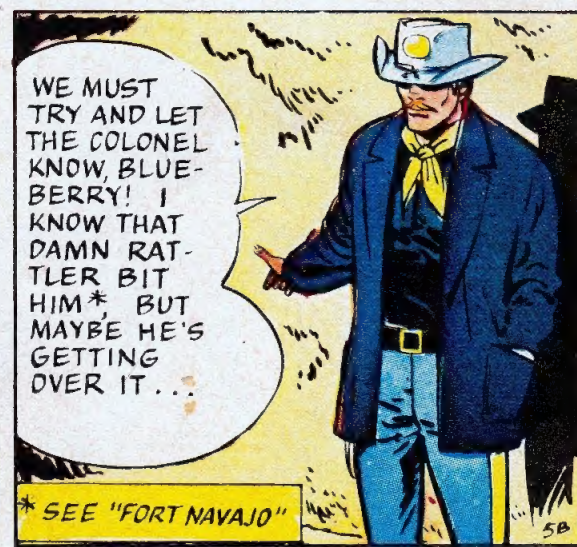


WHO'S THAT?

CROWE! HE ACTED AS INTERPRETER FOR BASCOM'S ULTIMATUM TO THE APACHES...AND WAS HE MAD!

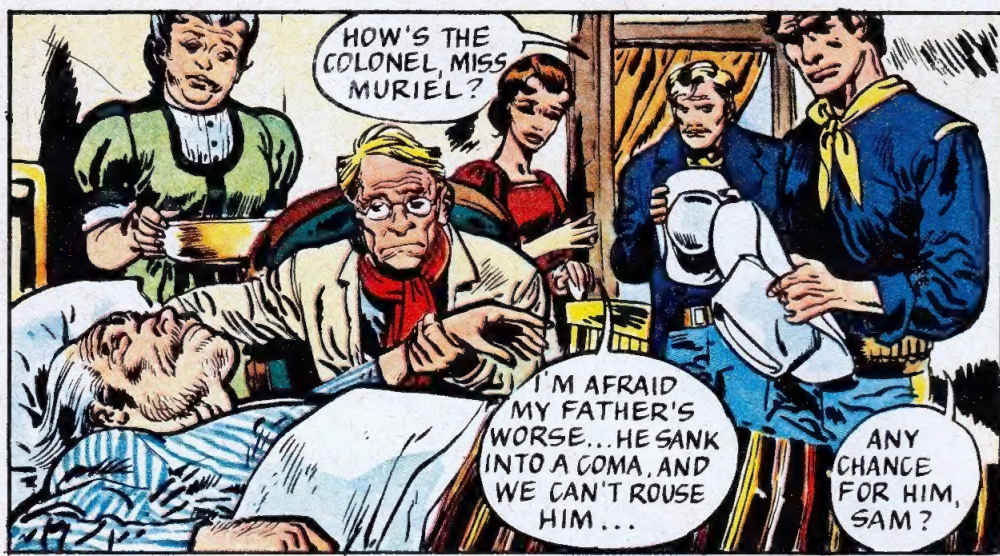


LIKE ALL HALF-BREEDS, CROWE'S TOUCHY AS THEY COME... AND BASCOM INSULTED HIM PUBLICLY... I DON'T LIKE IT.



WE MUST TRY AND LET THE COLONEL KNOW, BLUEBERRY! I KNOW THAT DAMN RATTLER BIT HIM* BUT MAYBE HE'S GETTING OVER IT...

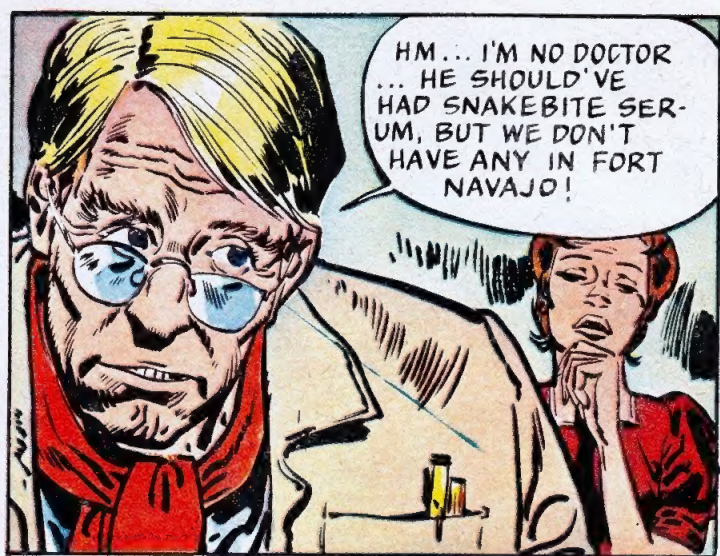
* SEE "FORT NAVAJO"



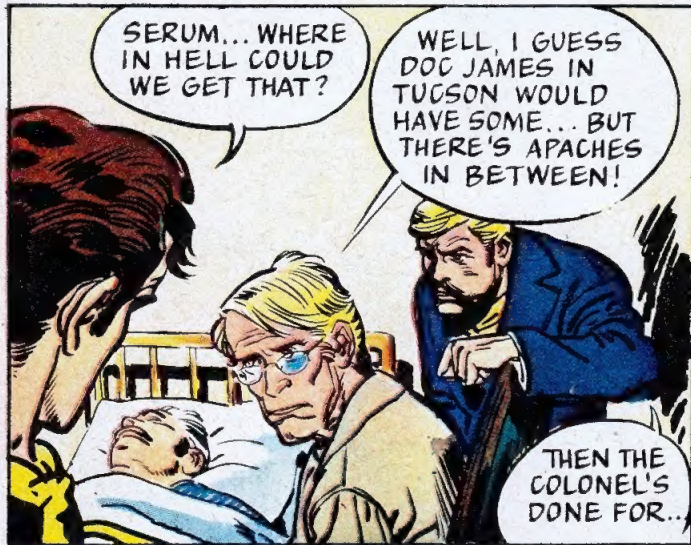
HOW'S THE COLONEL, MISS MURIEL?

I'M AFRAID MY FATHER'S WORSE... HE SANK INTO A COMA, AND WE CAN'T ROUSE HIM...

ANY CHANCE FOR HIM, SAM?



HM... I'M NO DOCTOR ... HE SHOULD'VE HAD SNAKEBITE SER-UM, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY IN FORT NAVAJO!



SERUM... WHERE IN HELL COULD WE GET THAT?

WELL, I GUESS DOC JAMES IN TUCSON WOULD HAVE SOME... BUT THERE'S APACHES IN BETWEEN!

THEN THE COLONEL'S DONE FOR...



HMM... TUCSON, YOU SAID...



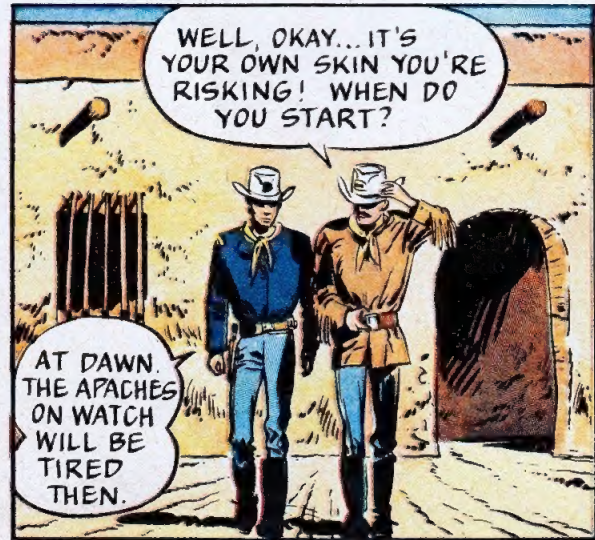
A LITTLE LATER...

GET THROUGH TO TUCSON? CROSS THE APACHE LINES TWICE JUST TO GET MED-ICINE... BLUE-BERRY, YOU'RE PLUMB CRAZY! YOU'D NEVER MAKE IT!



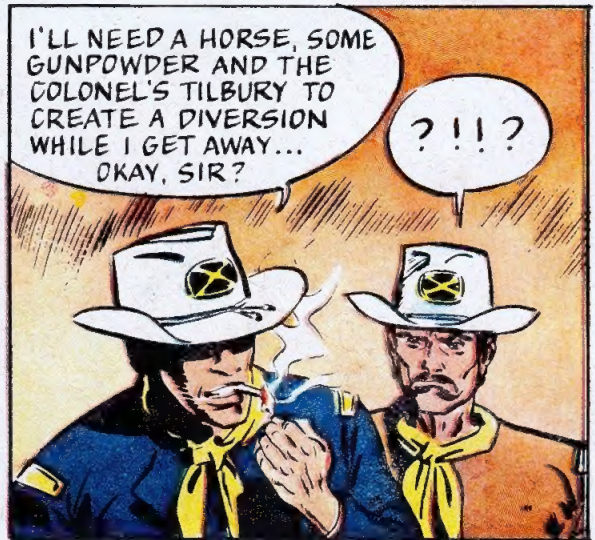
WELL, I AIM TO TRY, SIR! AND I CAN WARN 'EM IN TUC-SON AND GET HELP TOO!

HMM...



WELL, OKAY... IT'S YOUR OWN SKIN YOU'RE RISKING! WHEN DO YOU START?

AT DAWN THE APACHES ON WATCH WILL BE TIRED THEN.



I'LL NEED A HORSE, SOME GUNPOWDER AND THE COLONEL'S TILBURY TO CREATE A DIVERSION WHILE I GET AWAY...

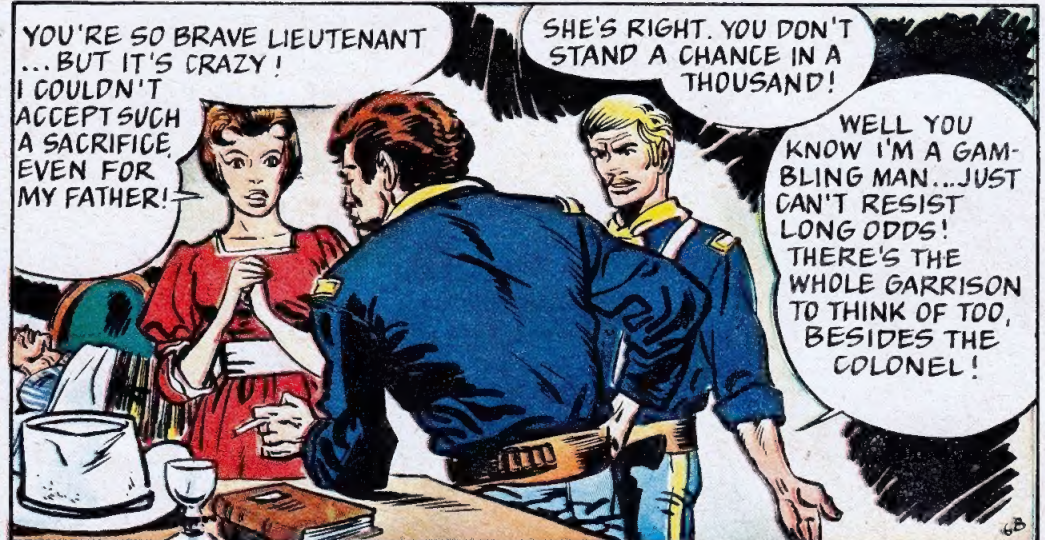
OKAY, SIR?

? ! ! ?



YOU CAN HAVE THE HORSE AND THE POW-DER... SEE MISS MURIEL ABOUT THE CAR-RIAGE!

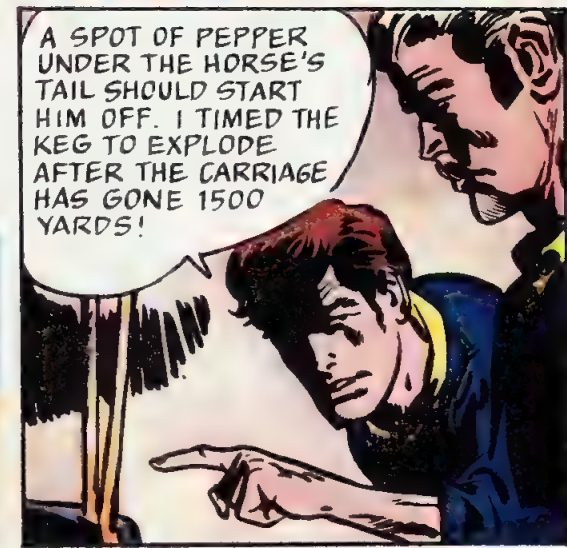
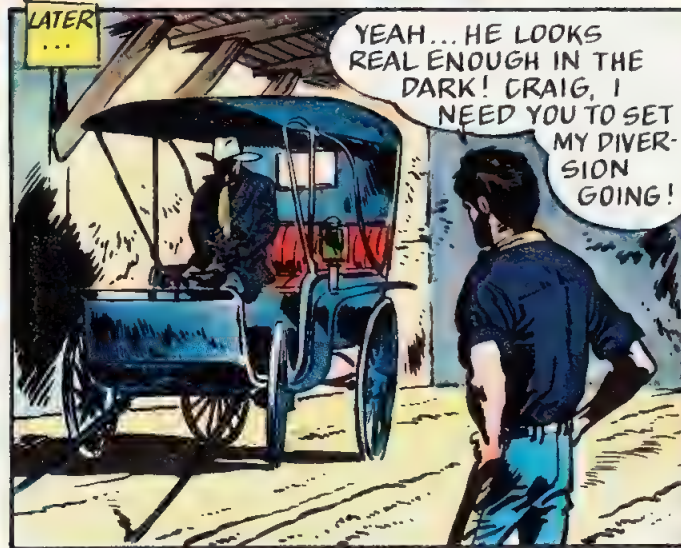
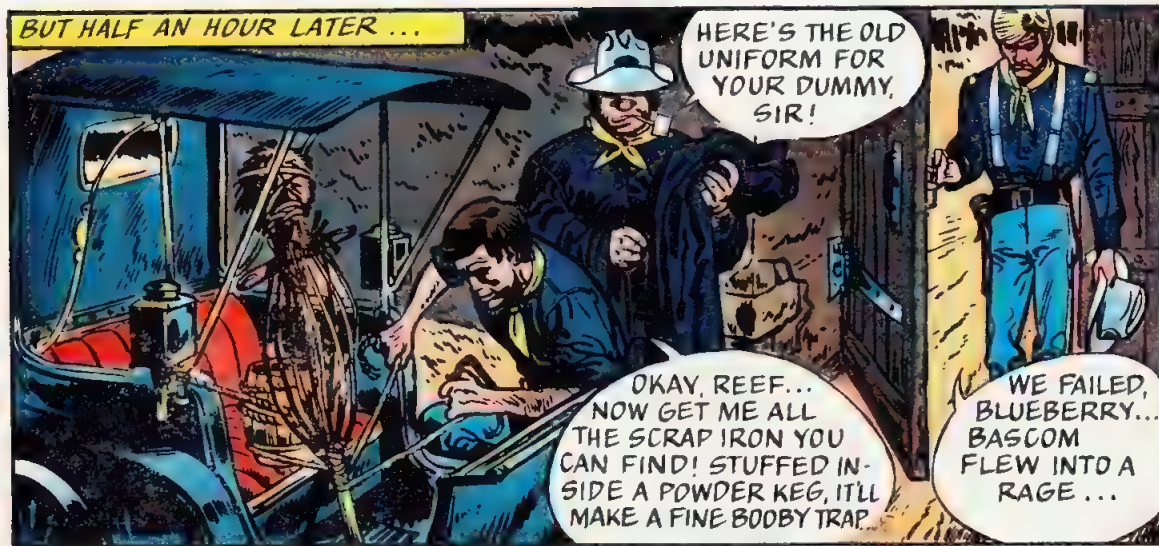
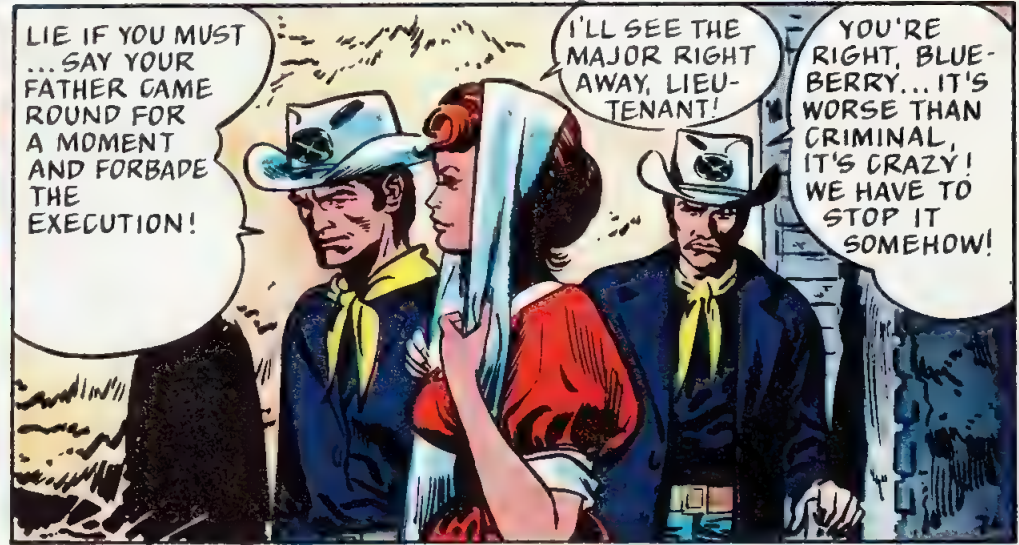
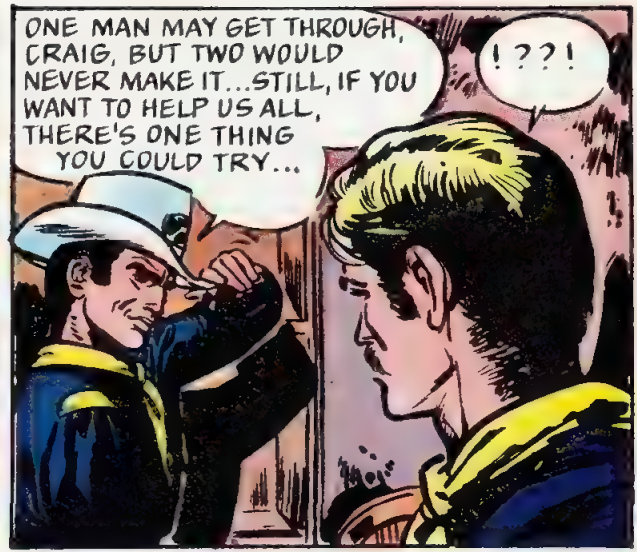
THANKS, SIR!



YOU'RE SO BRAVE LIEUTENANT ... BUT IT'S CRAZY! I COULDN'T ACCEPT SUCH A SACRIFICE, EVEN FOR MY FATHER!

SHE'S RIGHT. YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND!

WELL YOU KNOW I'M A GAM-BLING MAN... JUST CAN'T RESIST LONG ODDS! THERE'S THE WHOLE GARRISON TO THINK OF TOO, BESIDES THE COLONEL!





NEARLY DARK
... NOW FOR
SOME REST.
I'LL TRY
MY LUCK
AT DAWN.

OKAY. I'LL
COME ON
DUTY
THEN.



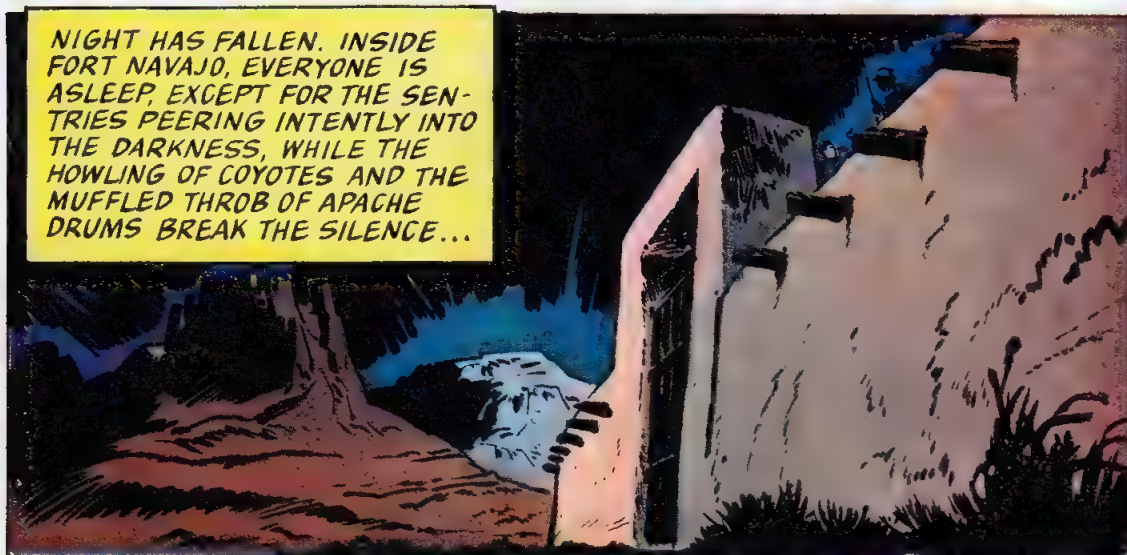
NO MOON TONIGHT
... THAT'S A BIT
OF LUCK.

ER... YOUR
LANTERN, SIR!
MAJOR BASCOM'S
ORDERS... NO
LIGHTS!

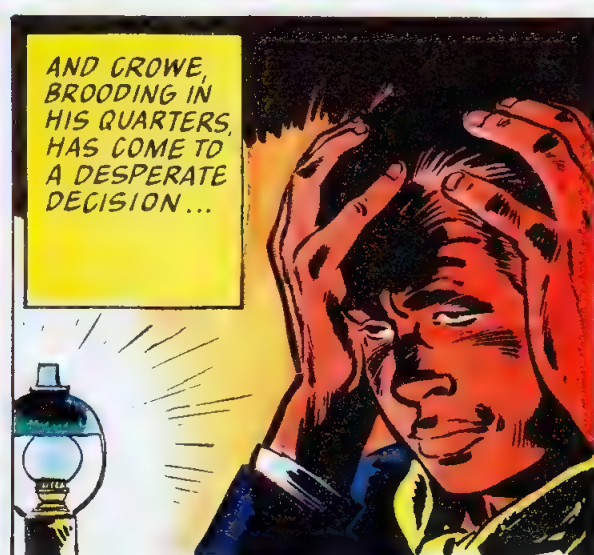


THEY SHOW UP
THE SENTRIES...
IT MAKES 'EM
A GOOD TAR-
GET.

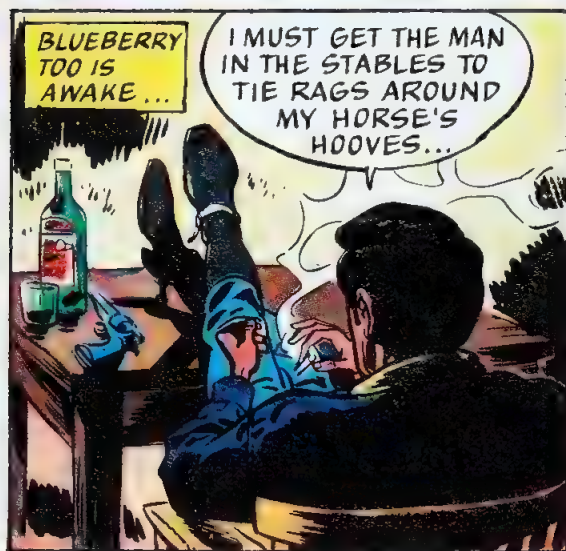
ABOUT
THE FIRST
SENSIBLE
IDEA BAS-
COM'S HAD!



NIGHT HAS FALLEN. INSIDE
FORT NAVAJO, EVERYONE IS
ASLEEP, EXCEPT FOR THE SEN-
TRIES PEERING INTENTLY INTO
THE DARKNESS, WHILE THE
HOWLING OF COYOTES AND THE
MUFFLED THROB OF APACHE
DRUMS BREAK THE SILENCE...

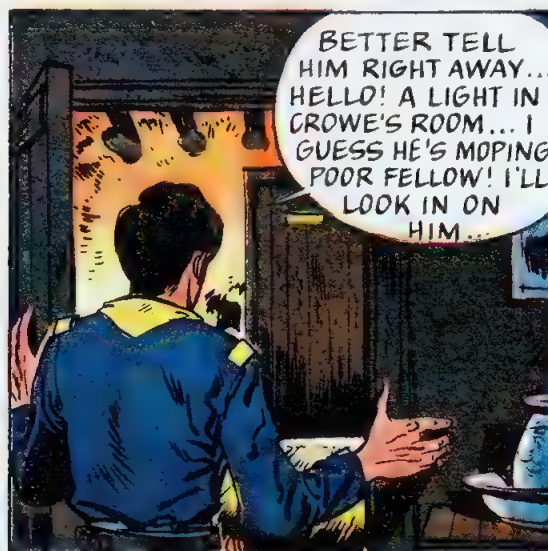


AND CROWE,
BROODING IN
HIS QUARTERS,
HAS COME TO
A DESPERATE
DECISION...

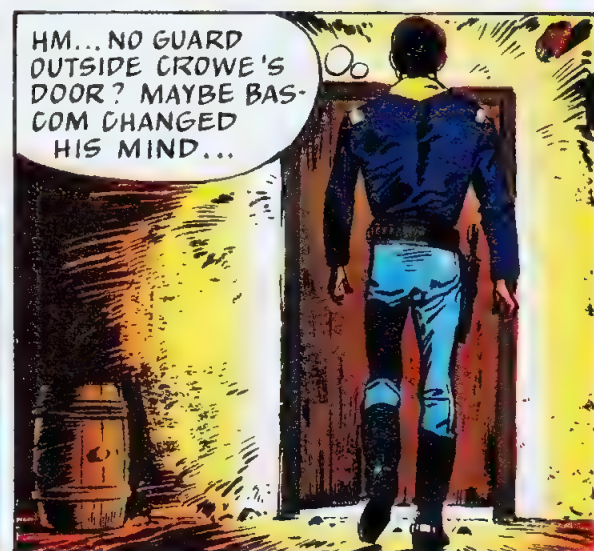


BLUEBERRY
TOO IS
AWAKE...

I MUST GET THE MAN
IN THE STABLES TO
TIE RAGS AROUND
MY HORSE'S
HOOVES...



BETTER TELL
HIM RIGHT AWAY...
HELLO! A LIGHT IN
CROWE'S ROOM... I
GUESS HE'S MOPING.
POOR FELLOW! I'LL
LOOK IN ON
HIM...



HM... NO GUARD
OUTSIDE CROWE'S
DOOR? MAYBE BAS-
COM CHANGED
HIS MIND...

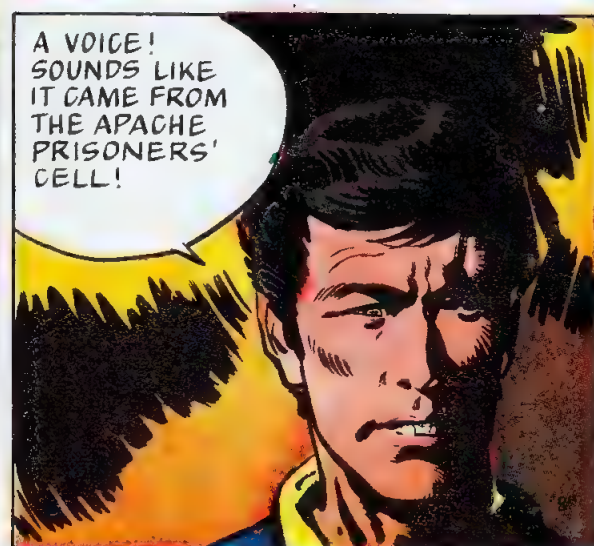


HI, CROWE
... WHY
THERE'S NO
ONE IN HERE!

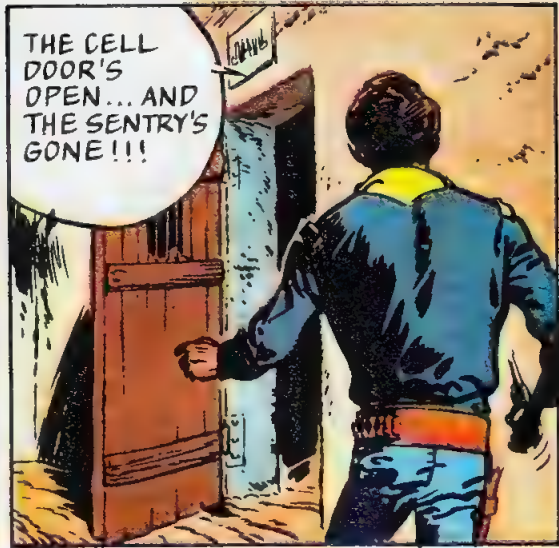


NOW WHAT
THE DEVIL

OUCH!



A VOICE!
SOUNDS LIKE
IT CAME FROM
THE APACHE
PRISONERS'
CELL!



THE APACHES NEVER MURDERED THE STANTON FAMILY, AND YOU KNOW IT, BLUEBERRY! I AIM TO FIND THE TRUE CULPRITS AND PROVE IT! THEN WE'LL HAVE PEACE AGAIN!

CROWE, I LIKE YOU FINE... BUT SORRY, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET MYSELF KILLED RAISING THE ALARM...

HELP...
OW!

FOR GOD'S SAKE!

SSH... SOMEONE'S COMING! LEAVE THIS TO ME!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE? ANYONE CALL?

OH, IT'S YOU LIEUTENANT! WE HEARD A CRY... THOUGHT WE BETTER TAKE A LOOK.

THAT'S OKAY, CORPORAL... I STUBBED MY TOE IN THE DARK AND YELPED! YOU CAN GET BACK TO YOUR MEN.

OKAY, SIR. GOOD NIGHT!

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! LUCKY NO ONE ELSE HEARD...

QUICK! FOLLOW ME... NOT A SOUND! I'LL CLIMB THE WALL OF THE FORT OPPOSITE THE GATES... THEY DON'T WATCH THAT SO CLOSELY! WHEN I GIVE THE CALL, JUMP THE WALL AND RUN!

UGH! MY BROTHER IS A TRUE RED MAN!

A LITTLE LATER...

WHO GOES THERE?





WHILE THE SENTRIES FIRE BLINDLY FROM THE WALLS, FORT NAVAJO, RUDELY AWOKEN, IS HUMMING LIKE A BEEHIVE...

WHAT IN HELL'S UP?

THOSE APACHE DOGS!

EVERYONE TO THE WALLS!

WHAT? DAMN IT ALL!

STAND TO ARMS!

SIR! THE APACHE PRISONERS... THEY GOT AWAY! THEY KNOCKED OUT THE SENTRY!



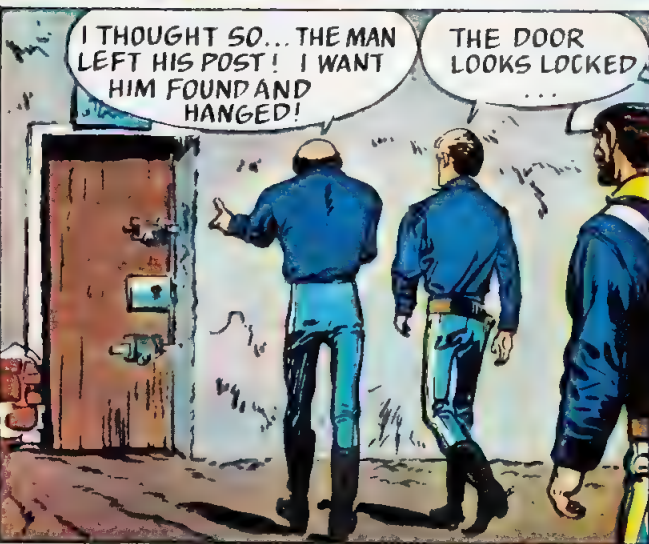
CRAIG! GET TWO TROOPS TOGETHER, SADDLE UP AND START OUT AFTER THOSE COYOTES!



THEY'LL BE WELL AWAY BY NOW, SIR...

THE CORPORAL'S RIGHT... WE'VE PRECIOUS LITTLE CHANCE OF CATCHING 'EM UP IN THE DARK. WE COULD FALL INTO AN AM-BUSH!

VERY WELL, CRAIG... SEND THE MEN BACK TO BED! ME, I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT FOOL WHO LET THE INJUNS ESCAPE!



I THOUGHT SO... THE MAN LEFT HIS POST! I WANT HIM FOUND AND HANGED!

THE DOOR LOOKS LOCKED...

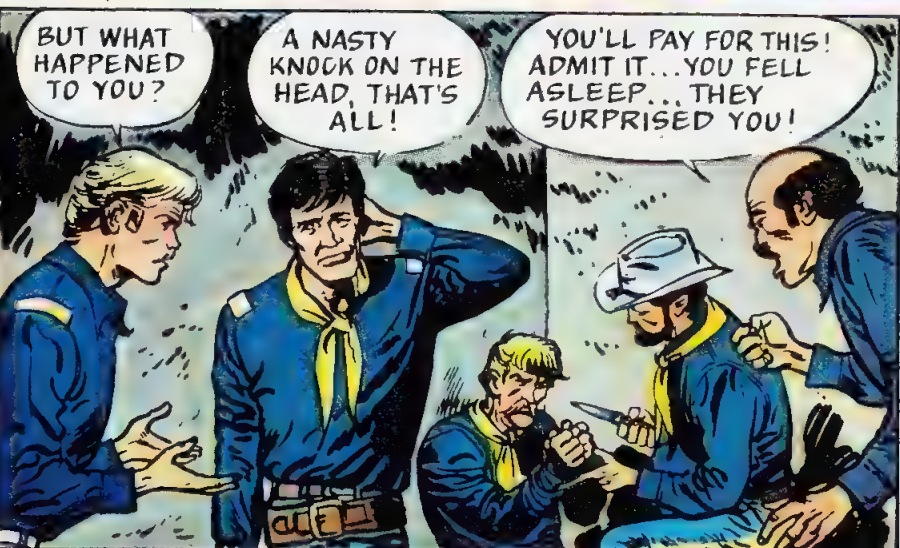


ONLY PUSHED TO!

BL... BLUEBERRY! MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE SENTRY... STUNNED AND BOUND! HELL AND DAMNATION!

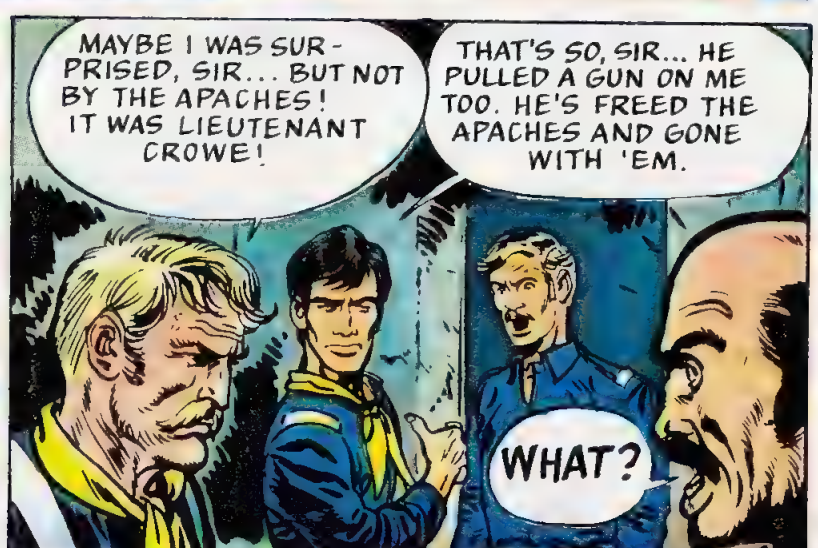
OUCH... MY HEAD!



BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

A NASTY KNOCK ON THE HEAD, THAT'S ALL!

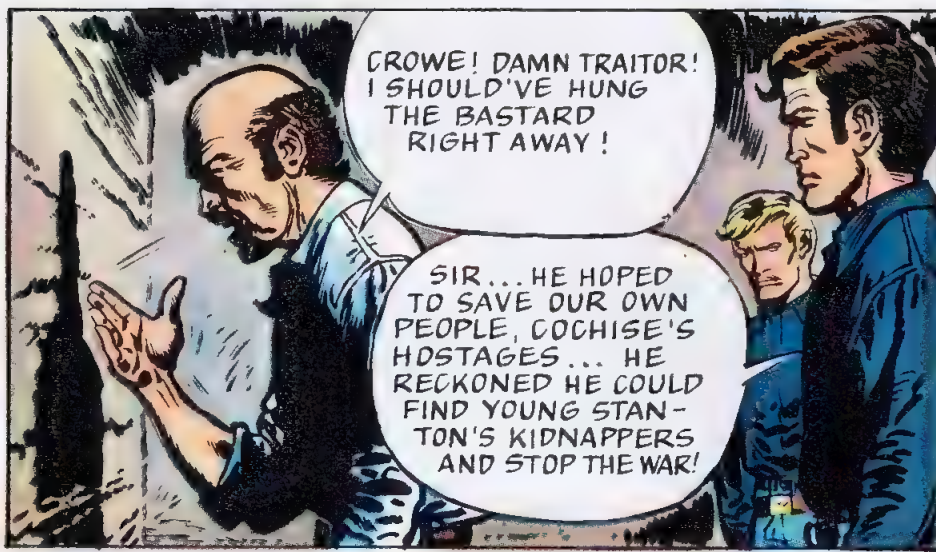
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! ADMIT IT... YOU FELL ASLEEP... THEY SURPRISED YOU!



MAYBE I WAS SURPRISED, SIR... BUT NOT BY THE APACHES! IT WAS LIEUTENANT CROWE!

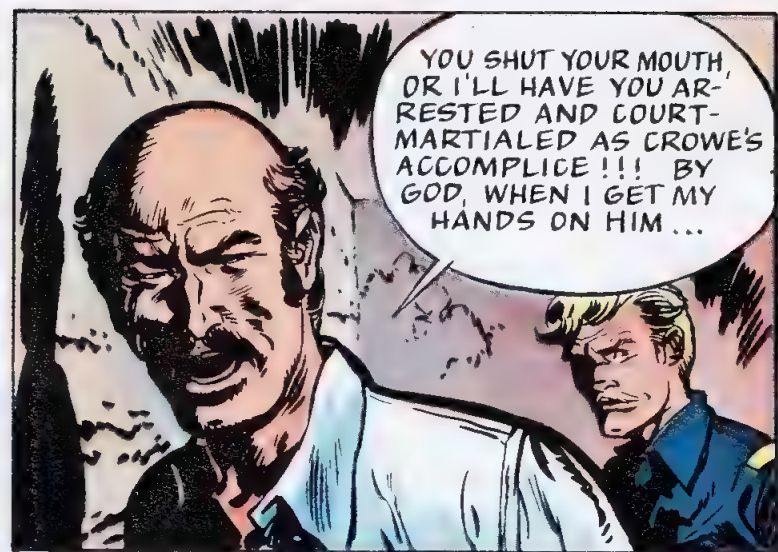
THAT'S SO, SIR... HE PULLED A GUN ON ME TOO. HE'S FREED THE APACHES AND GONE WITH 'EM.

WHAT?



CROWE! DAMN TRAITOR!
I SHOULD'VE HUNG
THE BASTARD
RIGHT AWAY!

SIR... HE HOPED
TO SAVE OUR OWN
PEOPLE, COCHISE'S
HOSTAGES... HE
RECKONED HE COULD
FIND YOUNG STAN-
TON'S KIDNAPPERS
AND STOP THE WAR!



YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH,
OR I'LL HAVE YOU AR-
RESTED AND COURT-
MARTIALED AS CROWE'S
ACCOMPLICE!!! BY
GOD, WHEN I GET MY
HANDS ON HIM...



I GUESS HE'S
OUT OF REACH
NOW...

AND WHO'S TO
BLAME? DIDN'T
YOU EVER HEAR
THE ONLY GOOD IN-
JUN IS A DEAD
INJUN?

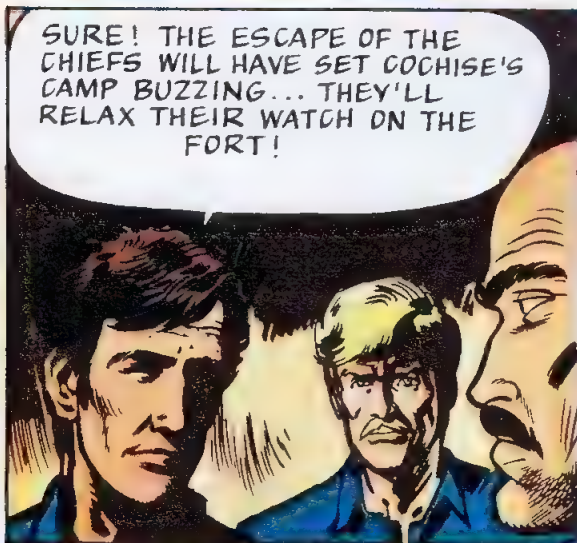


YOU AND YOUR
SCRUPLES... YOU
LANDED US IN THIS
MESS! WELL, SO
MUCH FOR BLUE-
BERRY'S SCHEME!

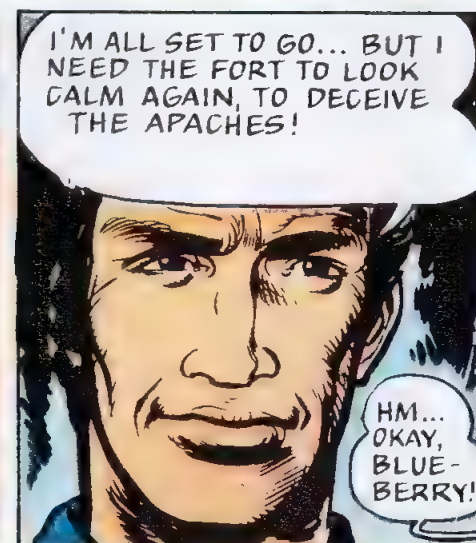
BUT I
STAND A
BETTER
CHANCE
NOW,
SIR...



YOU MEAN YOU
STILL AIM TO GO?



SURE! THE ESCAPE OF THE
CHIEFS WILL HAVE SET COCHISE'S
CAMP BUZZING... THEY'LL
RELAX THEIR WATCH ON THE
FORT!

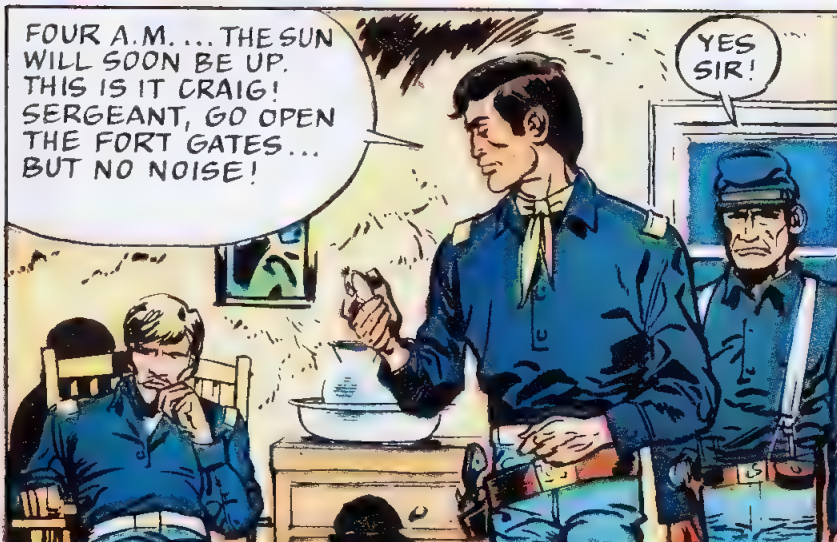


I'M ALL SET TO GO... BUT I
NEED THE FORT TO LOOK
CALM AGAIN, TO DECEIVE
THE APACHES!

HM...
OKAY,
BLUE-
BERRY!

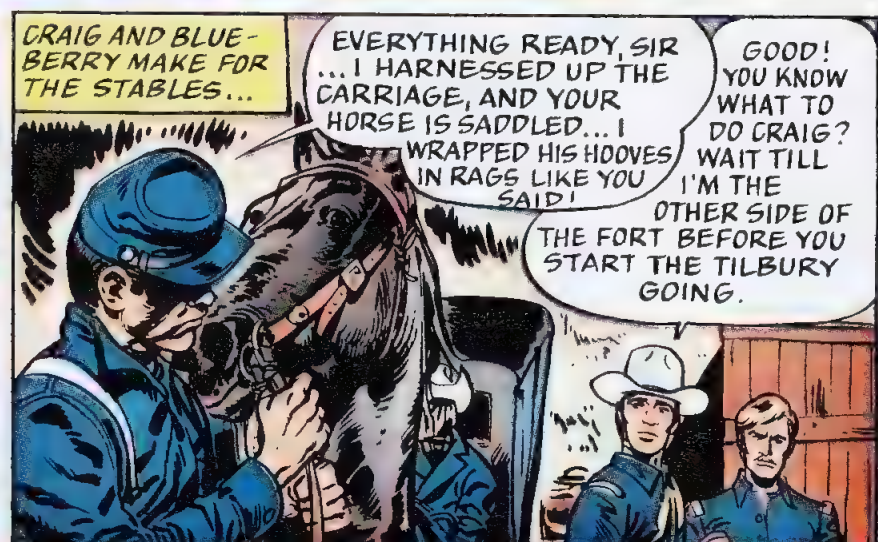


BASCOM ORDERS THE
LIGHTS TO BE PUT
OUT, THE NOISE IN
FORT NAVAJO DIES
DOWN, AND ALL
SEEMS CALM...



FOUR A.M. ... THE SUN
WILL SOON BE UP.
THIS IS IT CRAIG!
SERGEANT, GO OPEN
THE FORT GATES...
BUT NO NOISE!

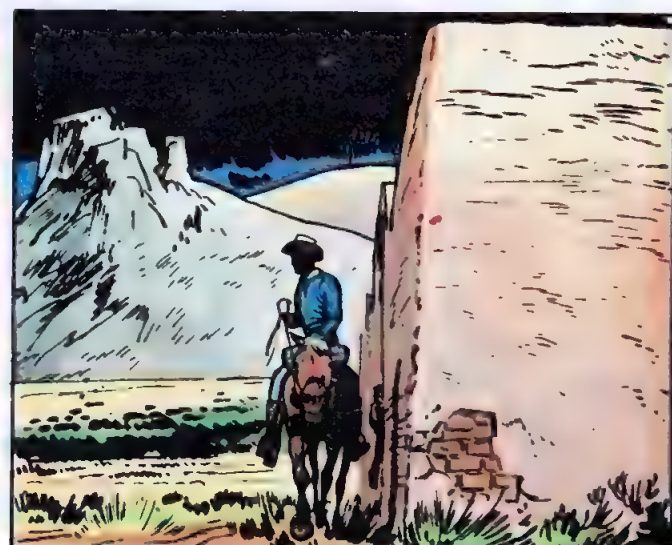
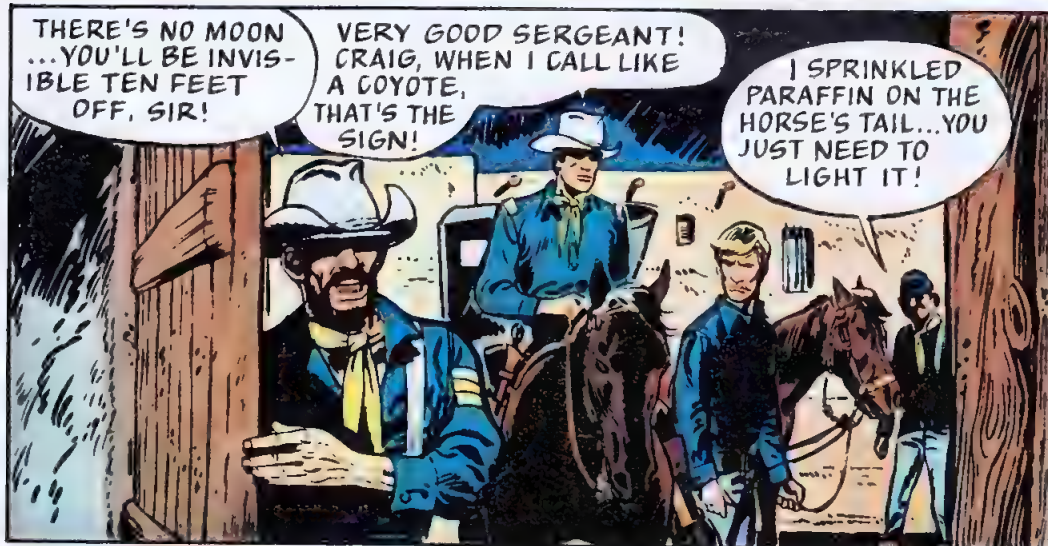
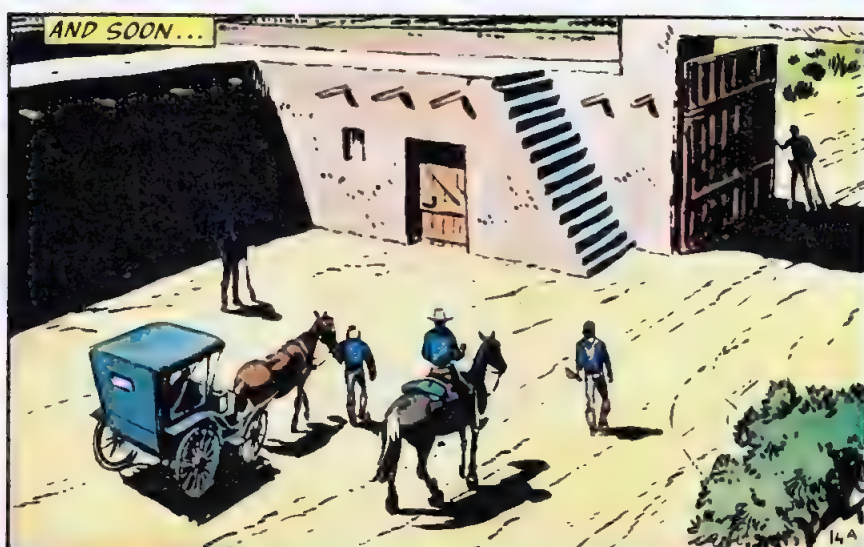
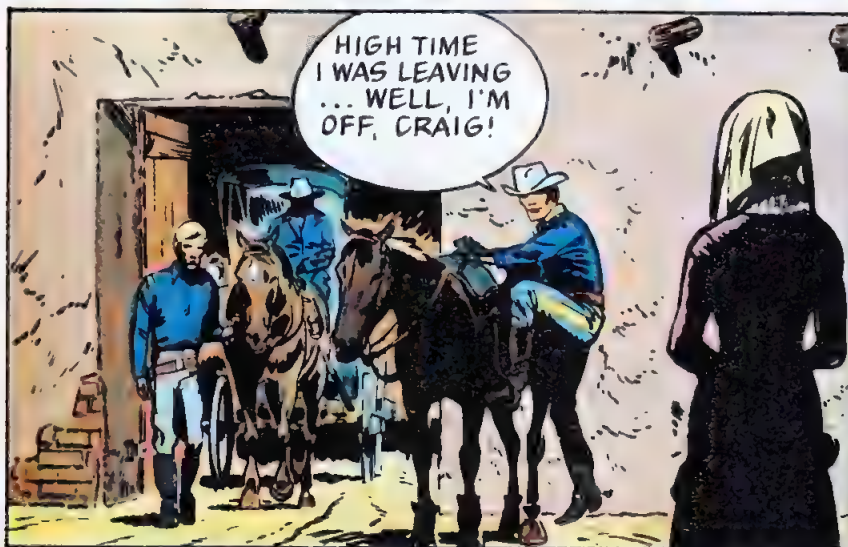
YES
SIR!



CRAIG AND BLUE-
BERRY MAKE FOR
THE STABLES...

EVERYTHING READY, SIR
... I HARNESSSED UP THE
CARRIAGE, AND YOUR
HORSE IS SADDLED... I
WRAPPED HIS HOOVES
IN RAGS LIKE YOU
SAID!

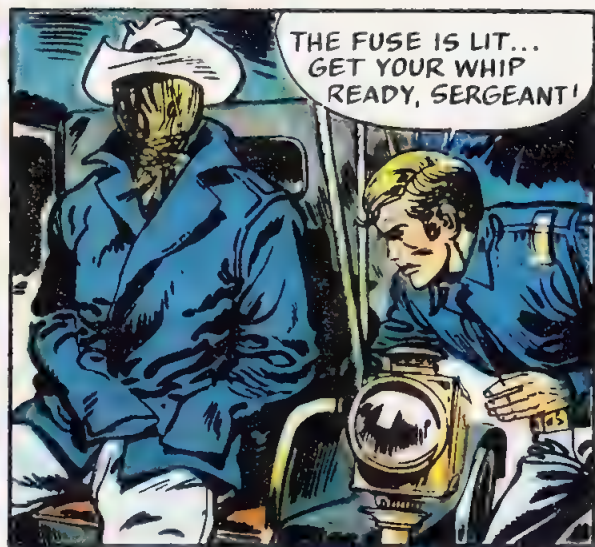
GOOD!
YOU KNOW
WHAT TO
DO CRAIG?
WAIT TILL
I'M THE
OTHER SIDE OF
THE FORT BEFORE YOU
START THE TILBURY
GOING.



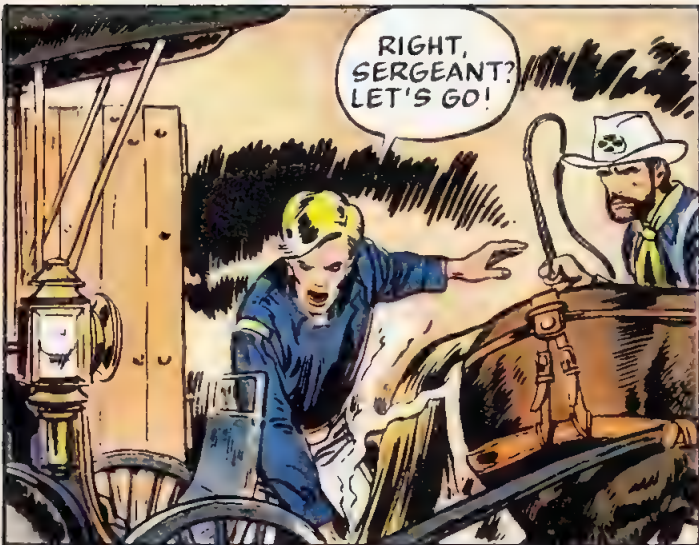


LISTEN...THE CALL OF THE COYOTE!

THAT'S THE SIGNAL, SIR!



THE FUSE IS LIT... GET YOUR WHIP READY, SERGEANT!



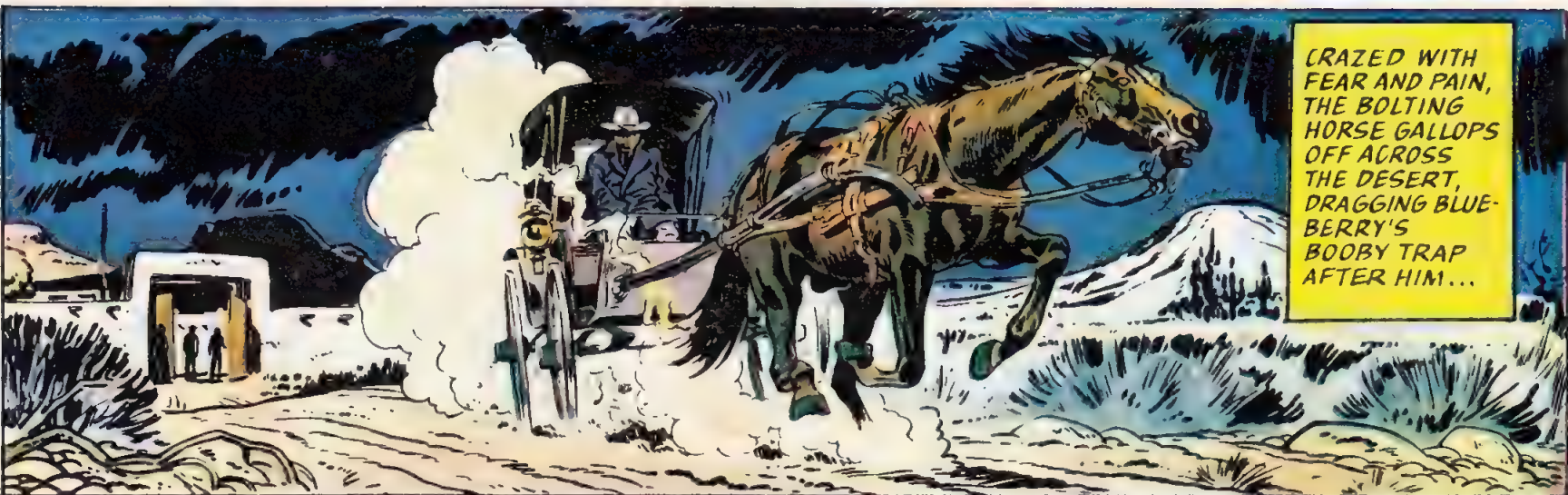
RIGHT, SERGEANT? LET'S GO!



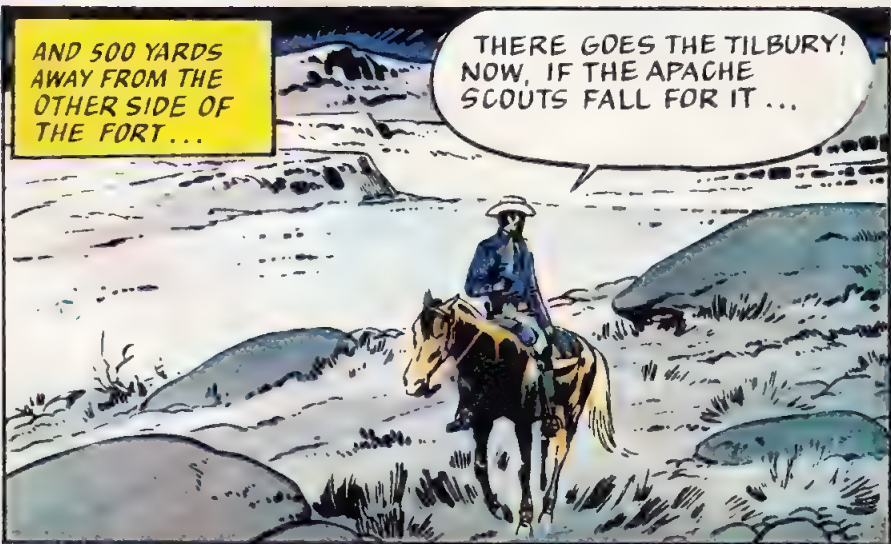
GIDDAP!

NEEEIGH

YAHOO! GET AWAY!



CRAZED WITH FEAR AND PAIN, THE BOLTING HORSE GALLOPS OFF ACROSS THE DESERT, DRAGGING BLUE-BERRY'S BOOBY TRAP AFTER HIM...



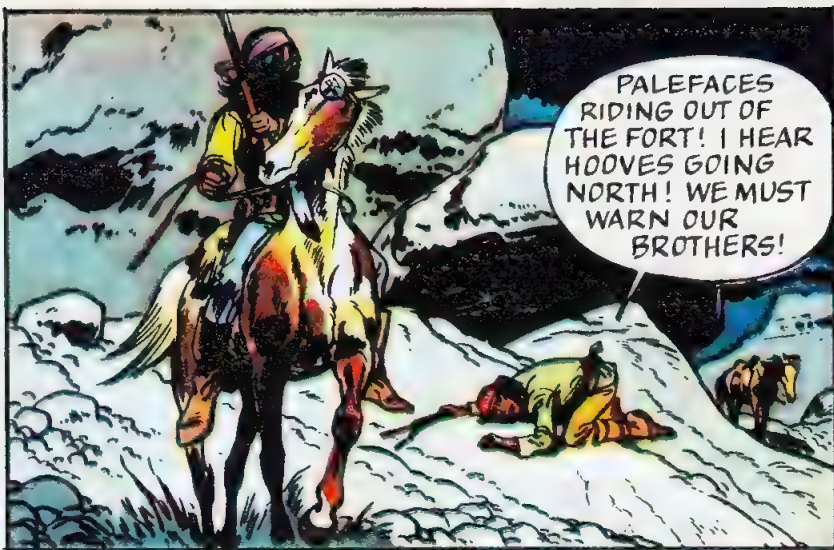
AND 500 YARDS AWAY FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FORT...

THERE GOES THE TILBURY! NOW, IF THE APACHE SCOUTS FALL FOR IT...

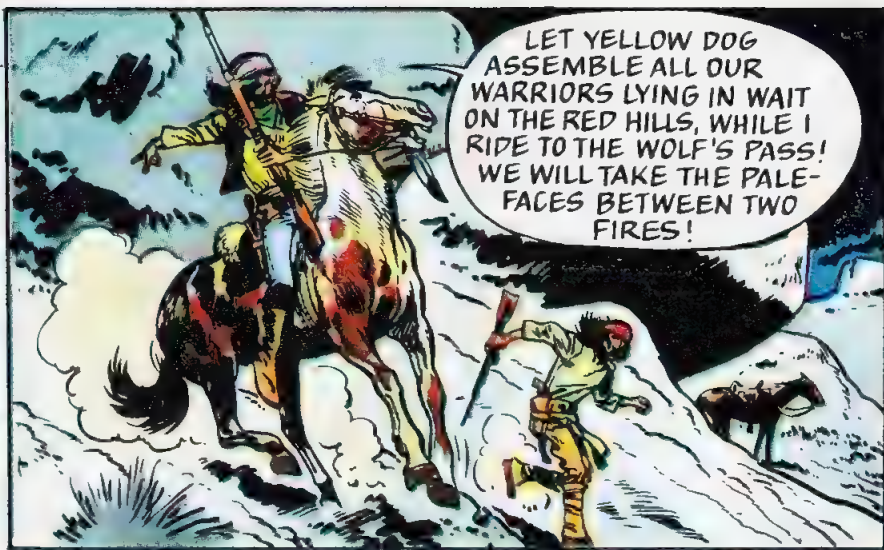


AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

DOES YELLOW DOG HEAR THAT?



PALEFACES
RIDING OUT OF
THE FORT! I HEAR
HOOVES GOING
NORTH! WE MUST
WARN OUR
BROTHERS!



LET YELLOW DOG
ASSEMBLE ALL OUR
WARRIORS LYING IN WAIT
ON THE RED HILLS, WHILE I
RIDE TO THE WOLF'S PASS!
WE WILL TAKE THE PALE-
FACES BETWEEN TWO
FIRES!



MOUNT!
MOUNT!
FOLLOW ME!
BLUECOATS
...LEAVING
THE FORT!



MEANWHILE...

THE APACHES WILL
HAVE RAISED THE
ALARM BY NOW... I JUST
HOPE MY TRICK CLEARED
THE PATH FOR ME!



THIS WAY!
YELLOW DOG
WILL ATTACK
FROM THE OTHER
SIDE! FORWARD!

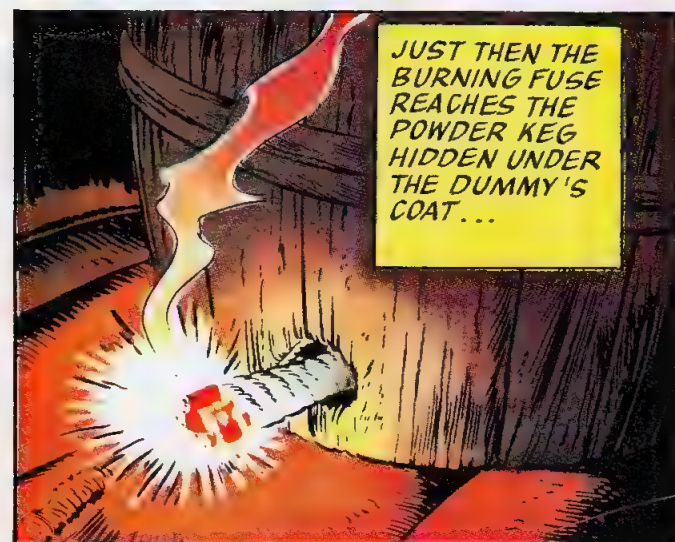
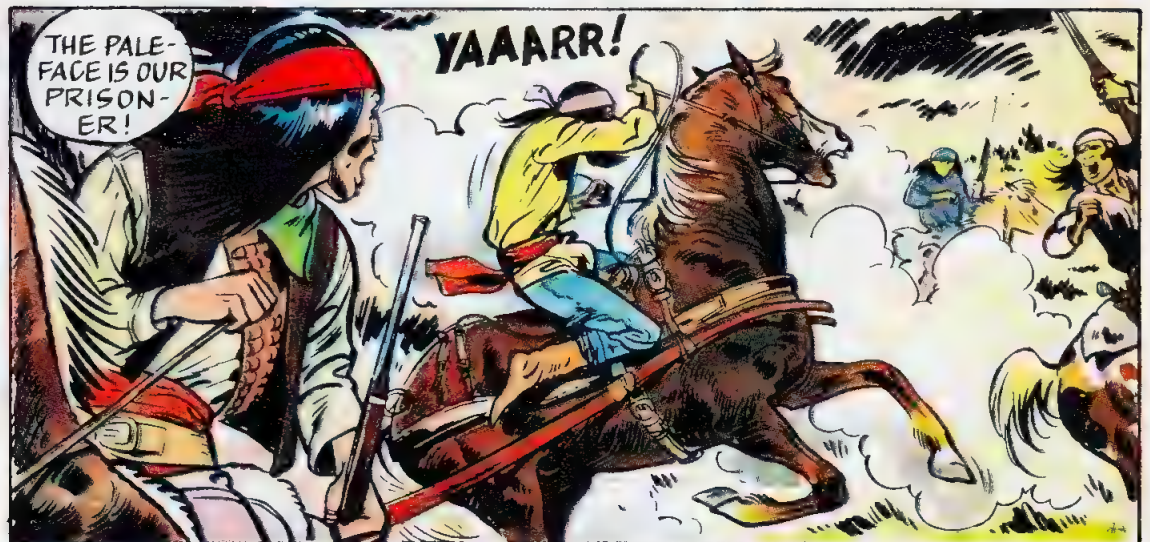
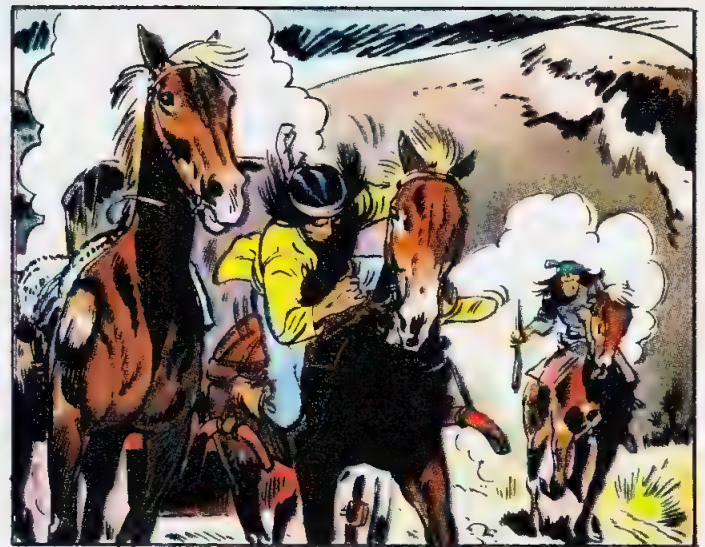
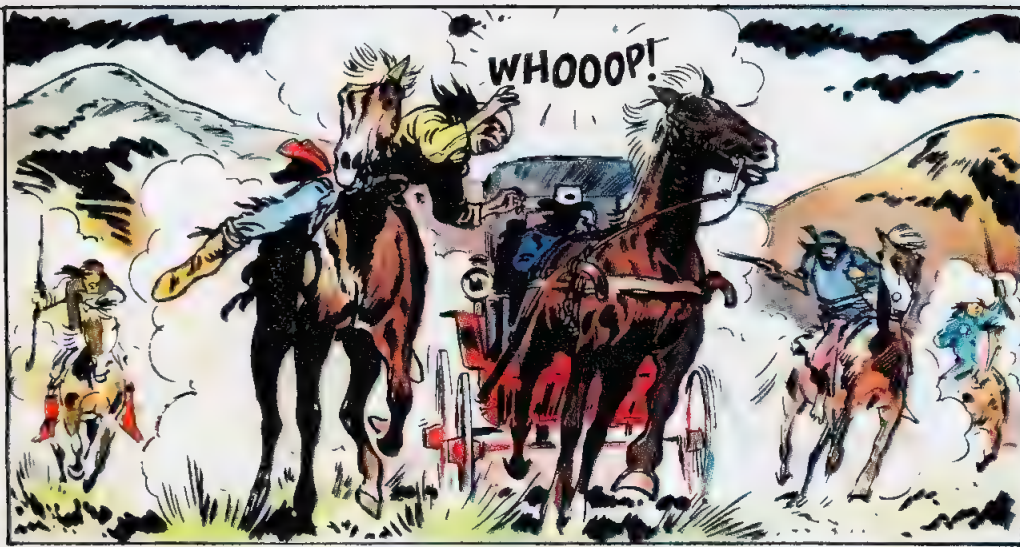


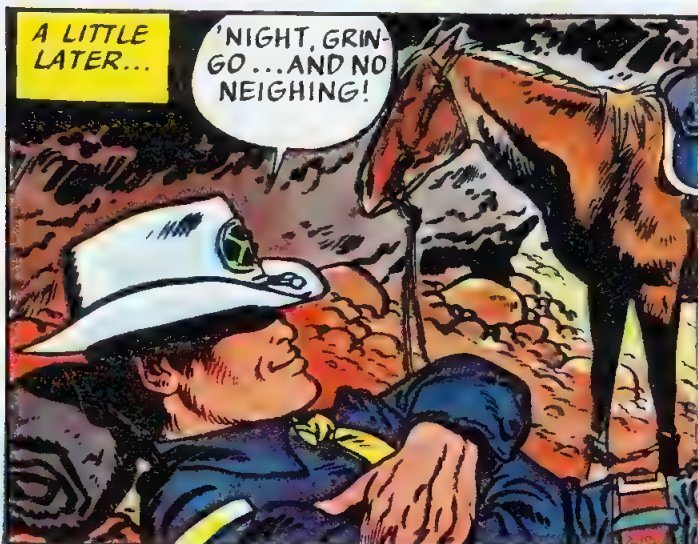
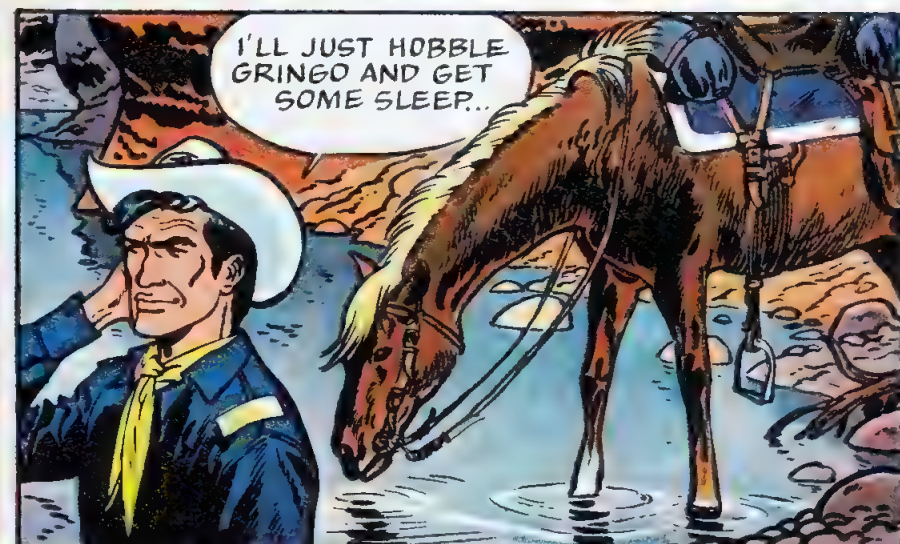
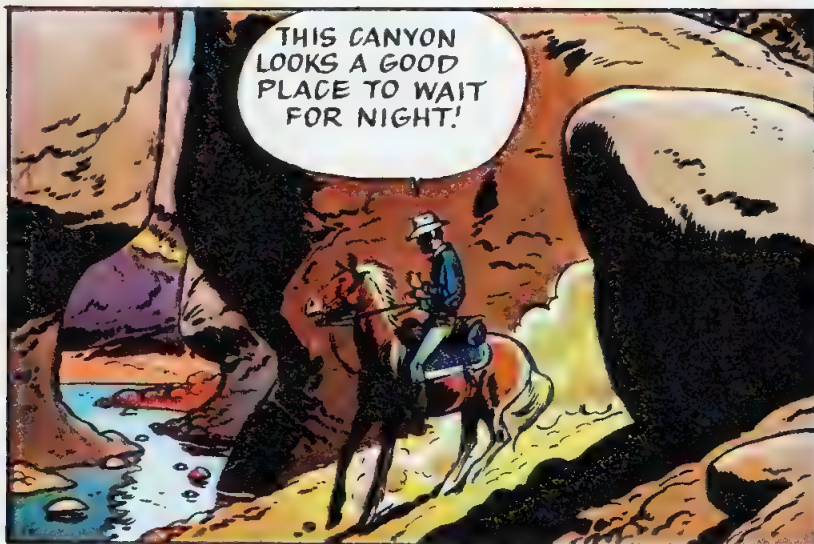
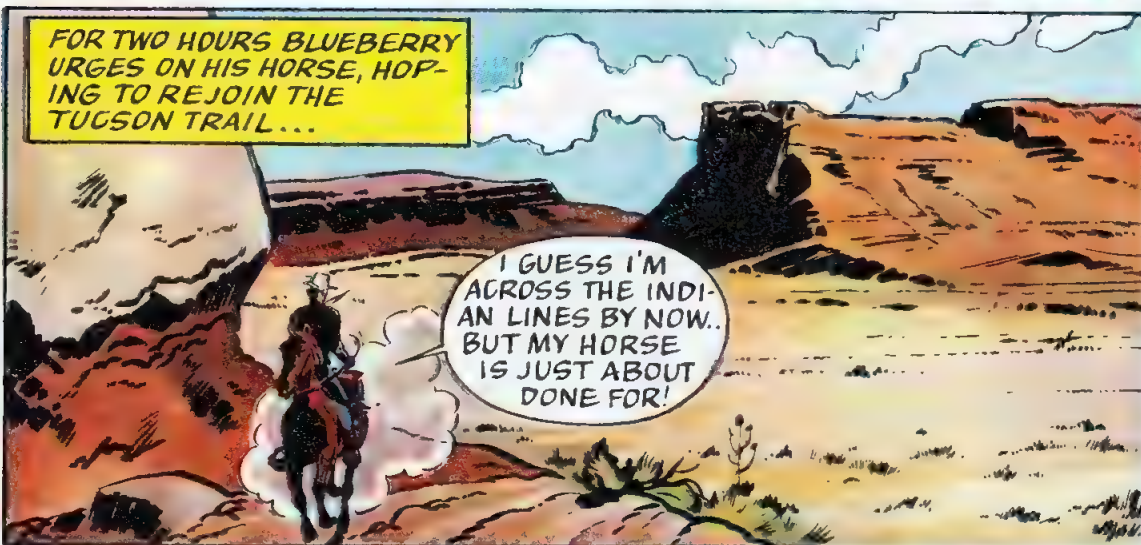
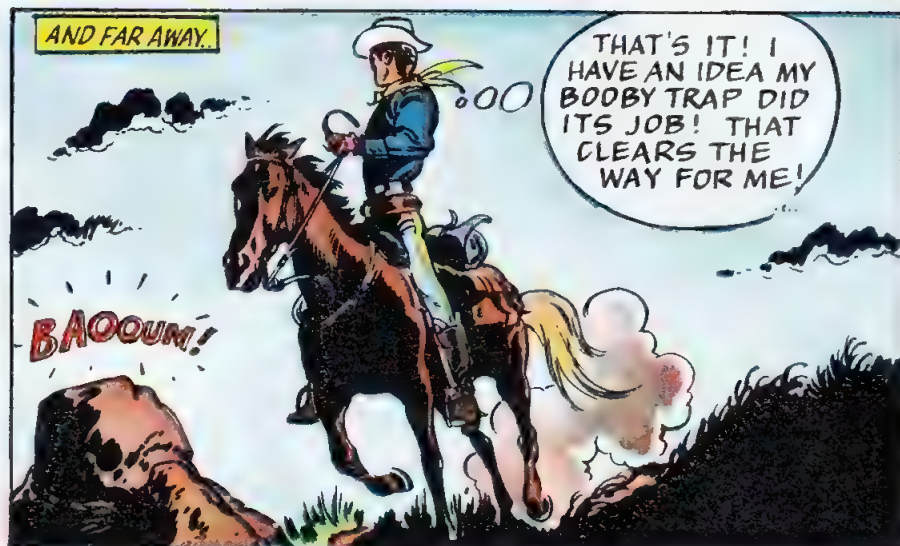
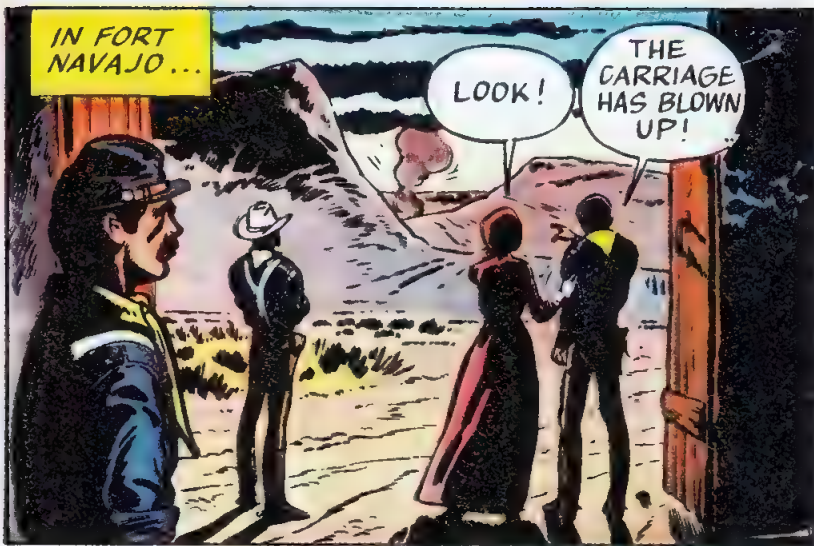
A CARRIAGE!
THE PALEFACES ARE
SENDING THEIR
BROTHERS A
MESSENGER!

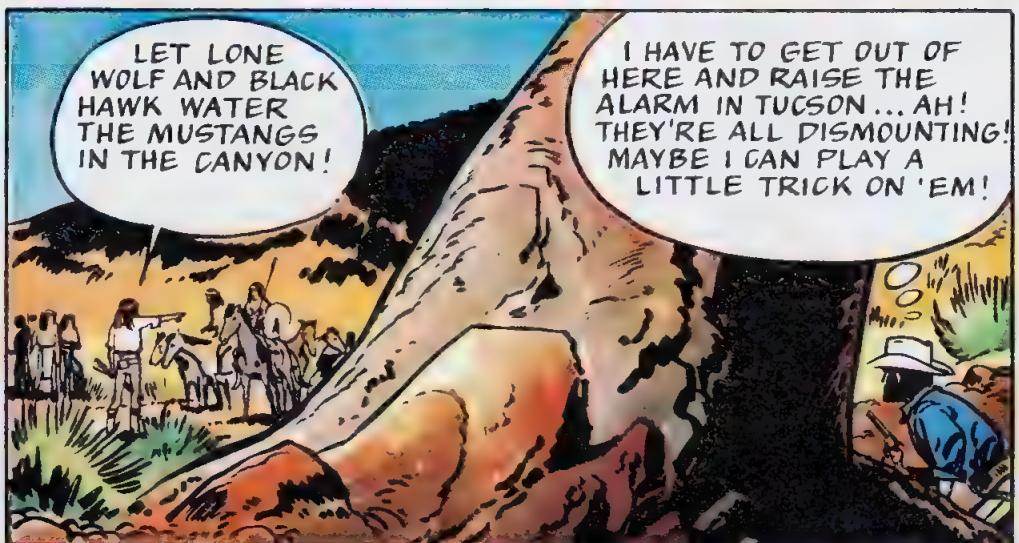
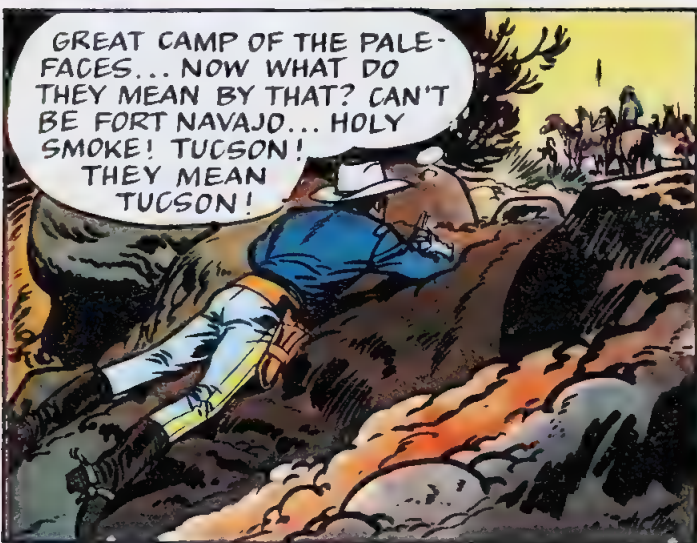
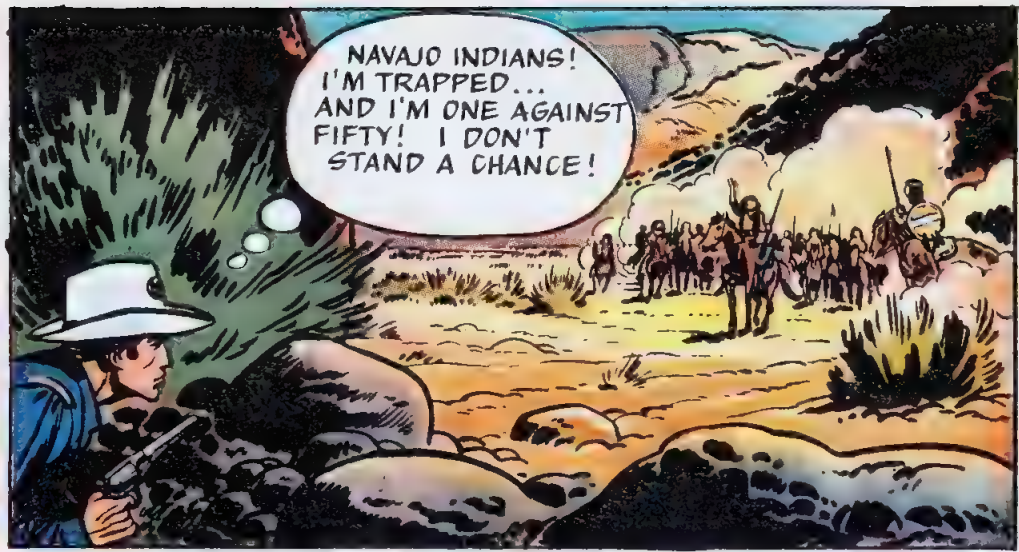


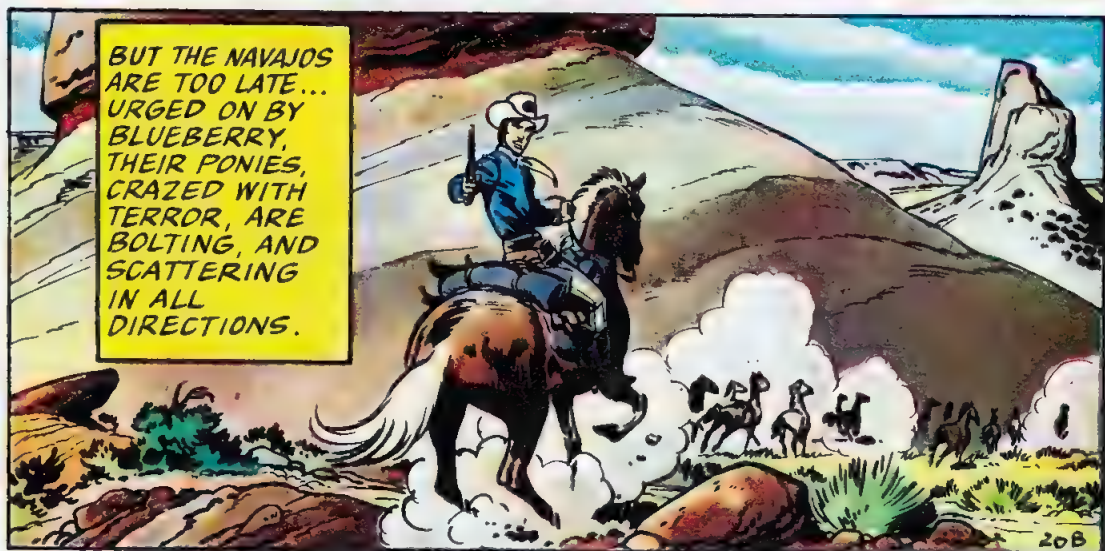
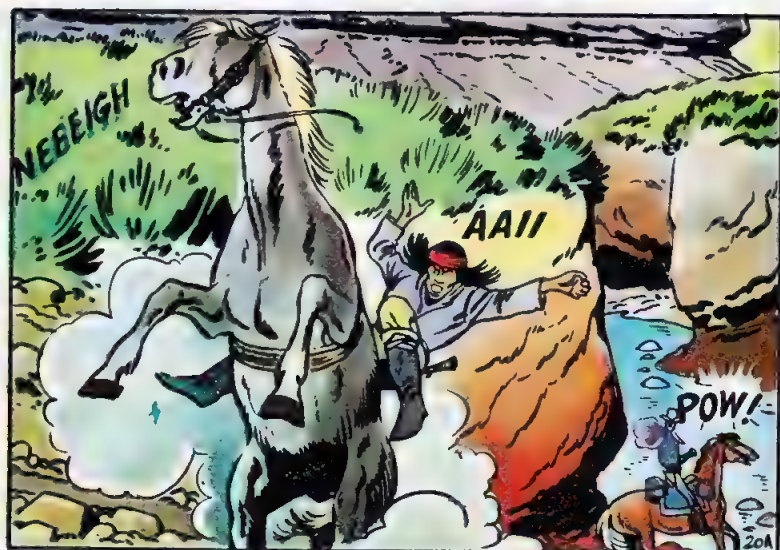
WHOOOP!

WHOOOP!



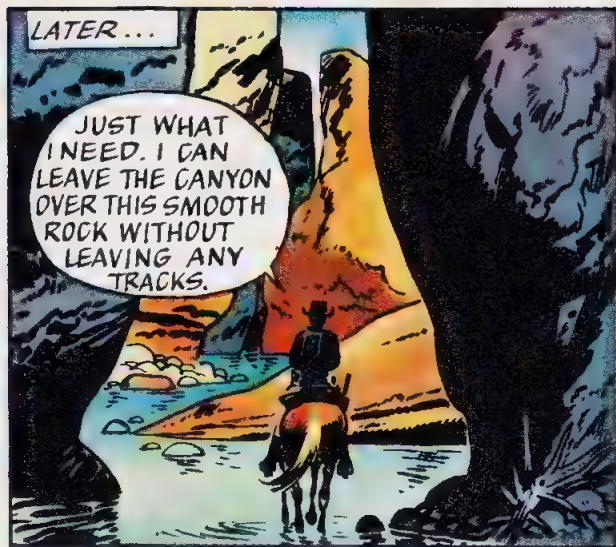






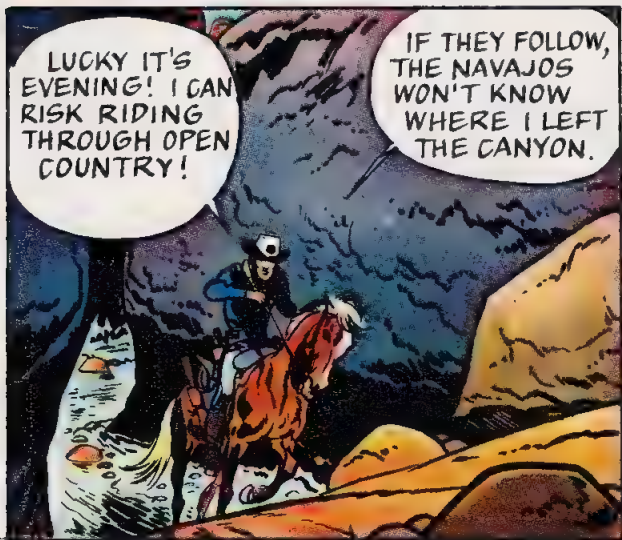


PHEW! GUESS I CAN SLOW DOWN NOW... BUT I BETTER FOLLOW THIS CANYON AS FAR AS I CAN. IT GIVES ME COVER AND HIDES MY TRAIL.



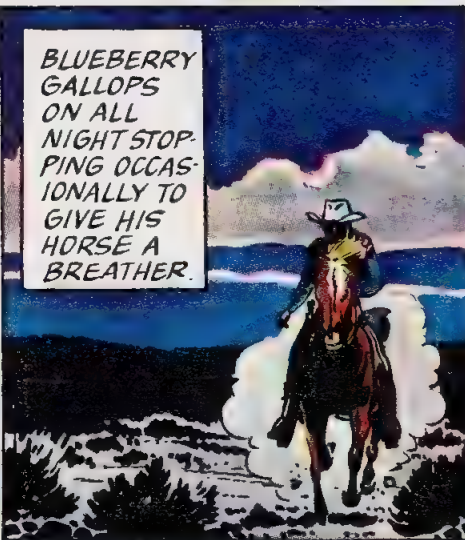
LATER...

JUST WHAT I NEED. I CAN LEAVE THE CANYON OVER THIS SMOOTH ROCK WITHOUT LEAVING ANY TRACKS.

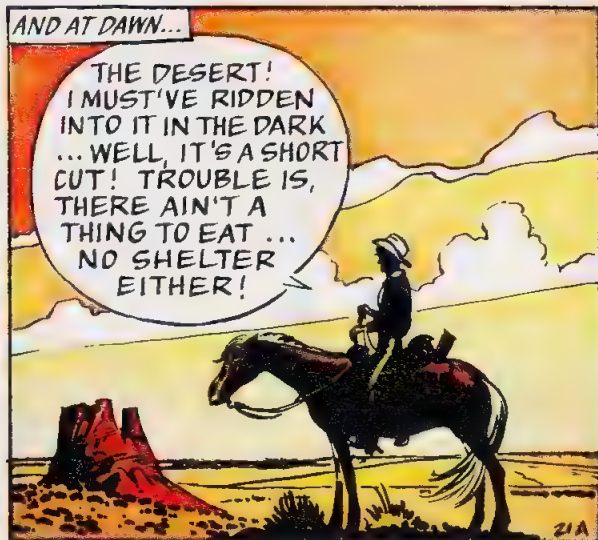


LUCKY IT'S EVENING! I CAN RISK RIDING THROUGH OPEN COUNTRY!

IF THEY FOLLOW, THE NAVAJOS WON'T KNOW WHERE I LEFT THE CANYON.

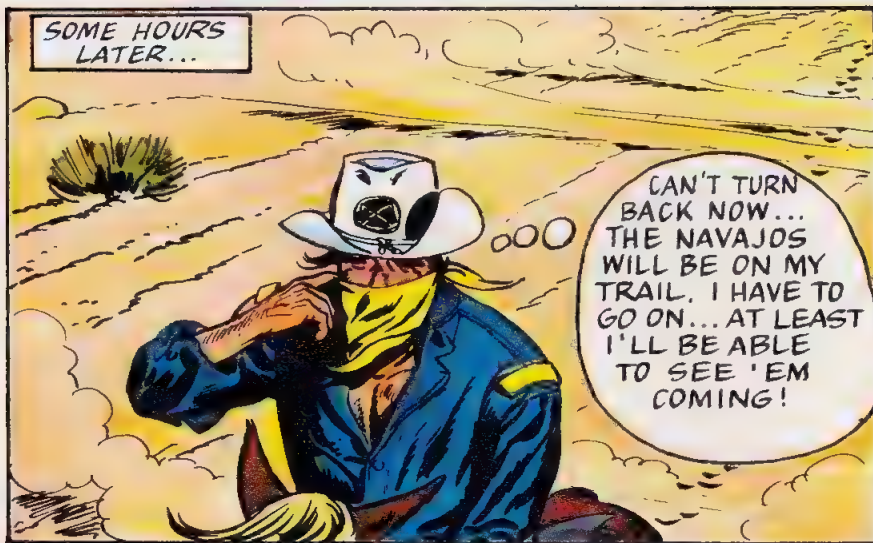


BLUEBERRY GALLOPS ON ALL NIGHT STOPPING OCCASIONALLY TO GIVE HIS HORSE A BREATHER.



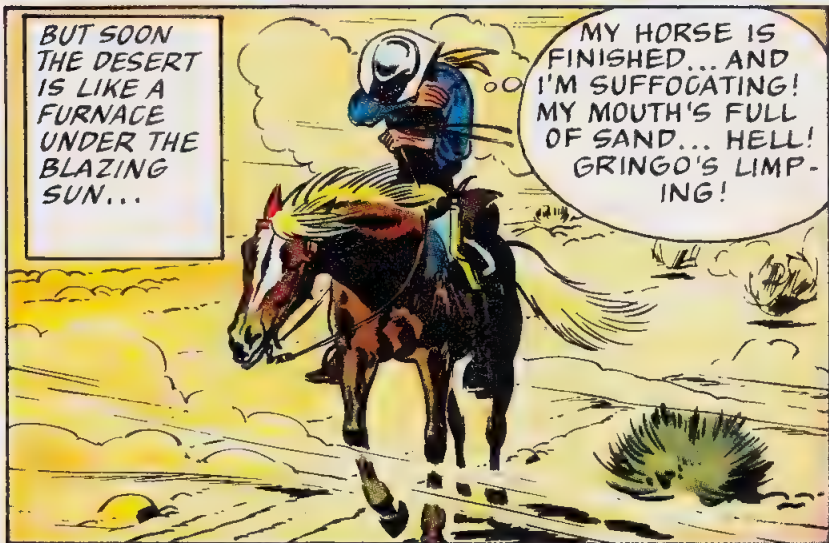
AND AT DAWN...

THE DESERT! I MUST'VE RIDDEN INTO IT IN THE DARK ... WELL, IT'S A SHORT CUT! TROUBLE IS, THERE AIN'T A THING TO EAT ... NO SHELTER EITHER!



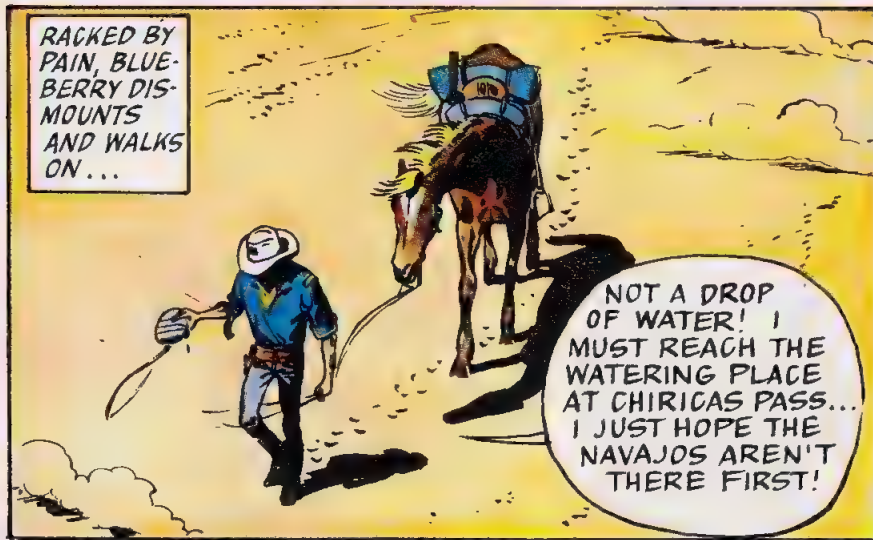
SOME HOURS LATER...

CAN'T TURN BACK NOW... THE NAVAJOS WILL BE ON MY TRAIL. I HAVE TO GO ON... AT LEAST I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE 'EM COMING!



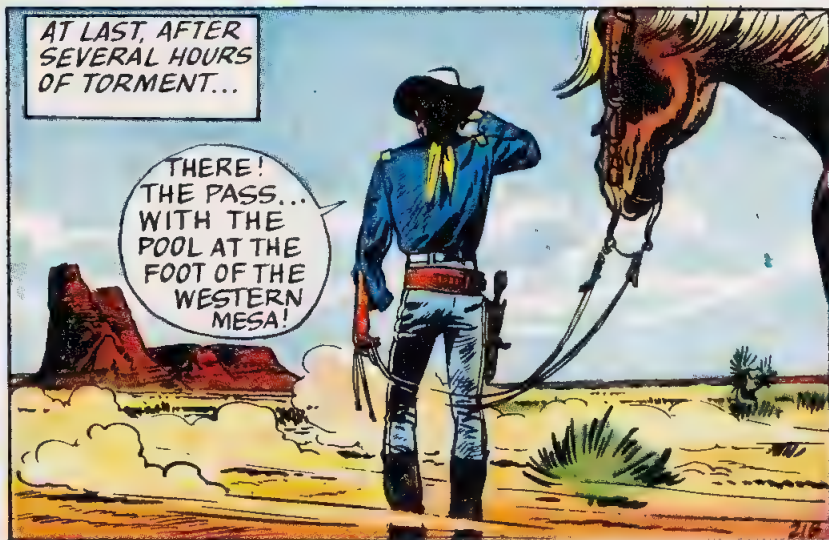
BUT SOON THE DESERT IS LIKE A FURNACE UNDER THE BLAZING SUN...

MY HORSE IS FINISHED... AND I'M SUFFOCATING! MY MOUTH'S FULL OF SAND... HELL! GRINGO'S LIMPING!



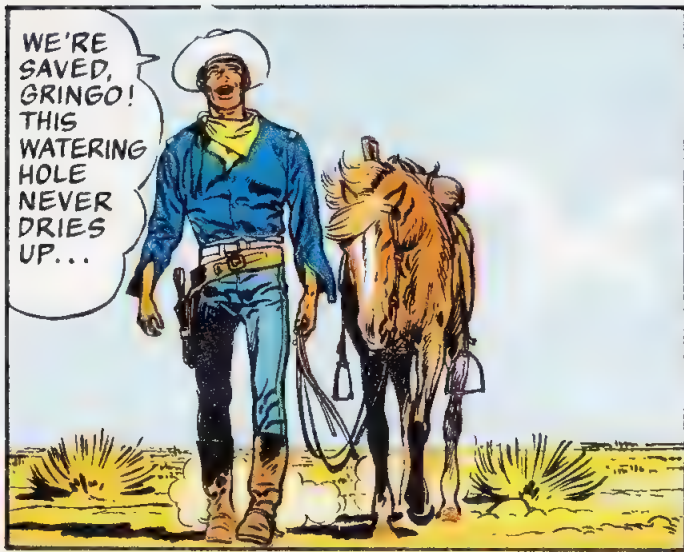
RACKED BY PAIN, BLUEBERRY DISMOUNTS AND WALKS ON...

NOT A DROP OF WATER! I MUST REACH THE WATERING PLACE AT CHIRICAS PASS... I JUST HOPE THE NAVAJOS AREN'T THERE FIRST!



AT LAST, AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF TORMENT...

THERE! THE PASS... WITH THE POOL AT THE FOOT OF THE WESTERN MESA!



WE'RE
SAVED,
GRINGO!
THIS
WATERING
HOLE
NEVER
DRIES
UP...

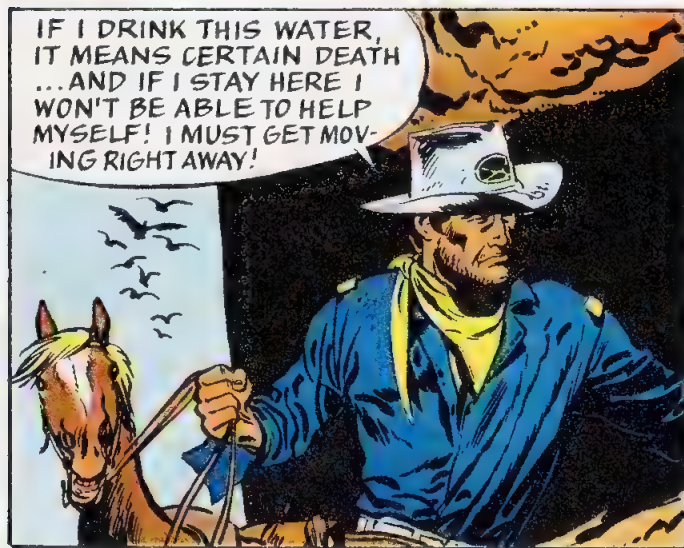


BUT TO BLUEBER-
RY'S HORROR...

HOLY SMOKE...
VULTURES! THE
POOL'S CONTAMINATED
WITH CARCASSES...
THROWN IN BY THE
APACHES, DAMN
THEIR EYES!



WATER!
I CAN HEAR
WATER...
YIPPEE!



IF I DRINK THIS WATER,
IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH
...AND IF I STAY HERE I
WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP
MYSELF! I MUST GET MOV-
ING RIGHT AWAY!



I... I'LL
NEVER REACH
THE SANTA CRUZ
RIVER THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS DESERT
... IF I DON'T FIND
WATER I CAN'T GO
ON... I MUST...



GRINGO!



POOR OLD
GRINGO! HE CAN'T
GET UP... HE'S
IN AGONY!



GOODBYE,
OLD-
TIMER!

POW

SUMMONING UP ALL HIS STRENGTH, BLUEBERRY SETS OFF AGAIN, UNDER THE PITILESS SUN... FOR HOURS HE STUMBLES THROUGH THE SAND, HIS TONGUE SWOLLEN, HIS EYES BURNING...



I ... CAN'T GO ON ... MY HEAD! I'M PARCHED..

TWILIGHT IS FALLING. BLUEBERRY DRAGS HIMSELF PAINFULLY ON...

IF I CAN ... MAKE IT ... TO THAT DUNE ... THEN ...



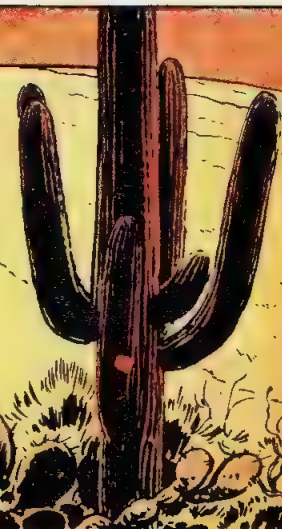
... I GIVE UP!



I'LL DIE HERE LIKE ... NO! I'M DREAMING!



SAGUAROS* I'M SAVED!



* THE GIANT CACTUS OR SAGUARO CAN GROW TO 50 FEET, LIVE 200 YEARS, AND WEIGHS UP TO 10 TONS, $\frac{4}{5}$ THS OF IT BEING WATER RETAINED IN ITS TISSUE...

THE LIEUTENANT SLASHES OPEN ONE OF THE GIANT CACTUS PLANTS WITH HIS SWORD...

WATER! IT HOLDS AT LEAST 20 GALLONS!*



* FACT

AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



BLUEBERRY DRINKS, AND REFILLS HIS CANTEEN...

A COUPLE OF HOURS' SLEEP, THEN I START OUT AGAIN!

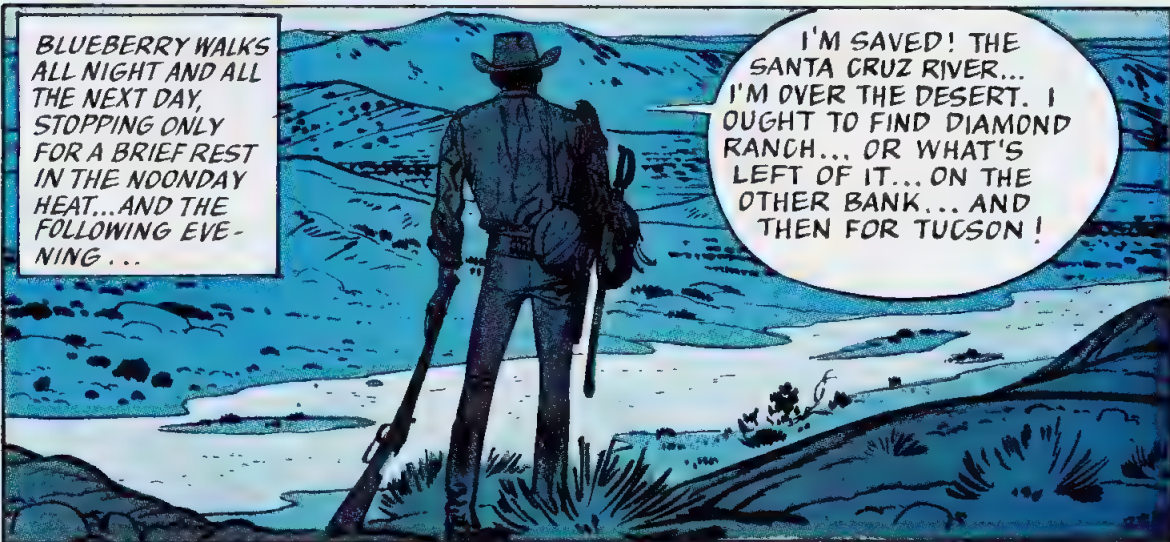


AND THREE HOURS LATER...

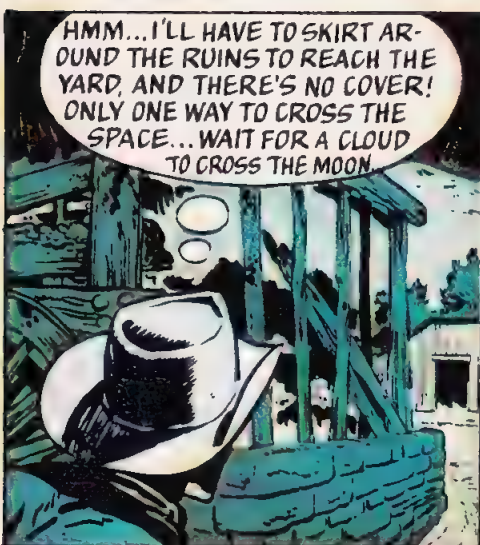
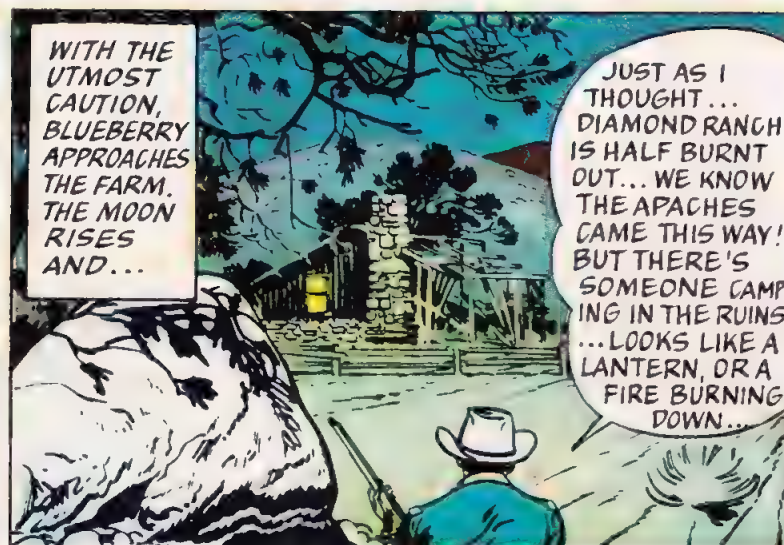
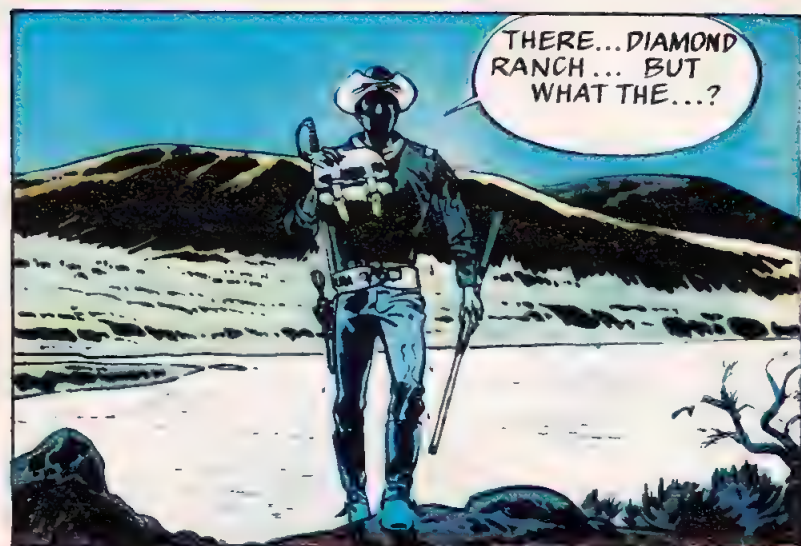
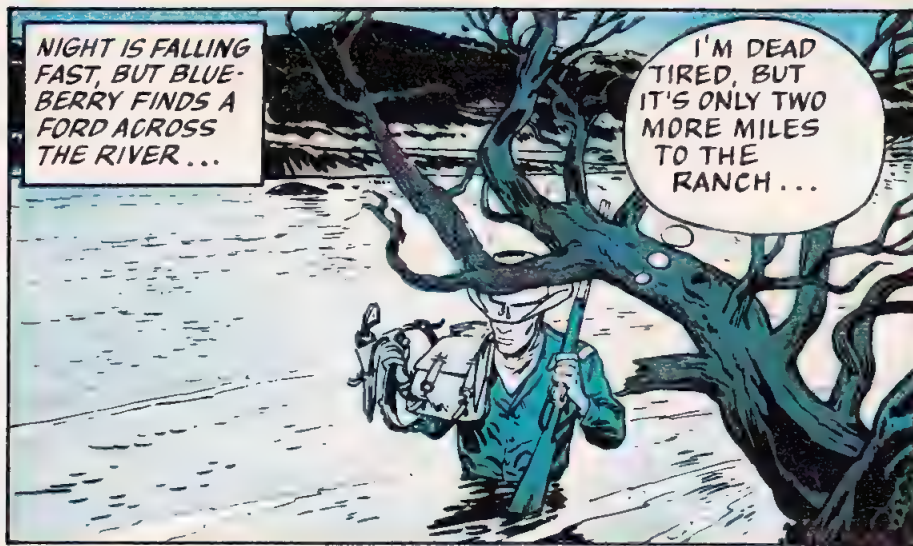
WELL ... BETTER USE THE COOL OF THE NIGHT TO GET ON MY WAY!

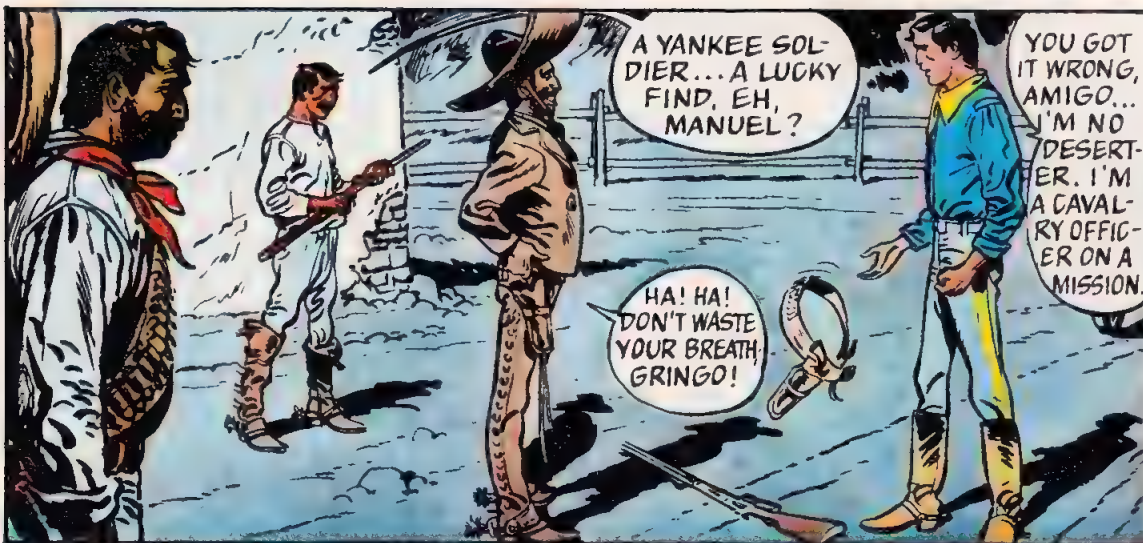
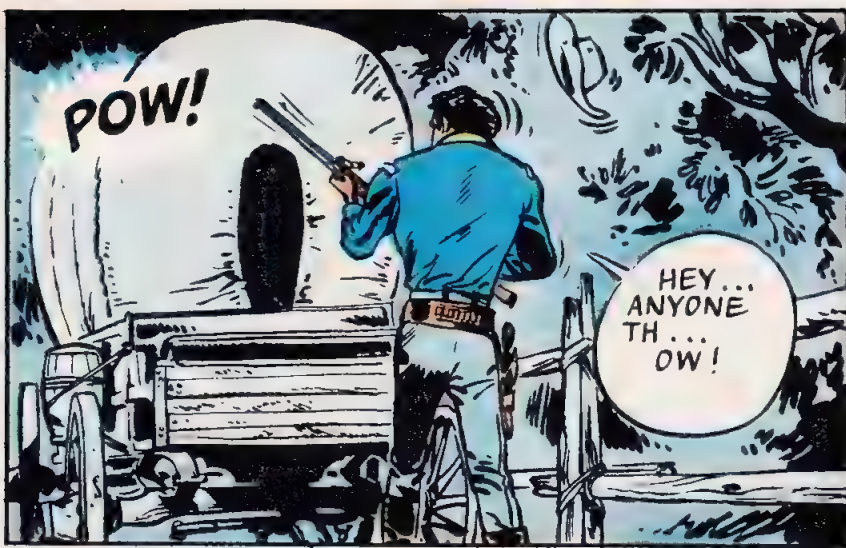


BLUEBERRY WALKS ALL NIGHT AND ALL THE NEXT DAY, STOPPING ONLY FOR A BRIEF REST IN THE NOONDAY HEAT... AND THE FOLLOWING EVENING ...



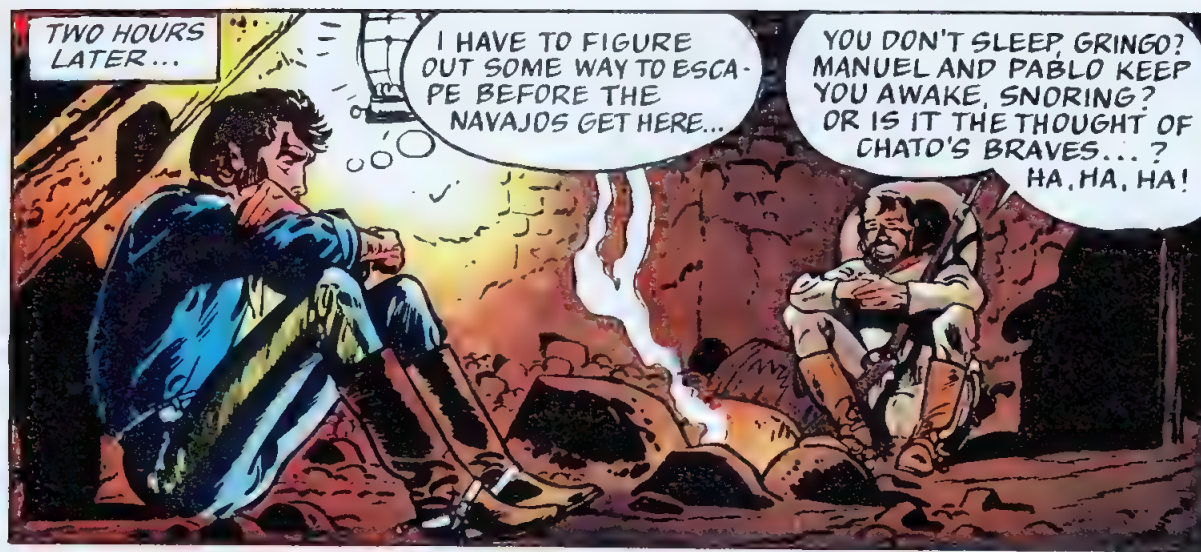
I'M SAVED! THE SANTA CRUZ RIVER... I'M OVER THE DESERT. I OUGHT TO FIND DIAMOND RANCH... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT... ON THE OTHER BANK... AND THEN FOR TUCSON!





*SPIRITS





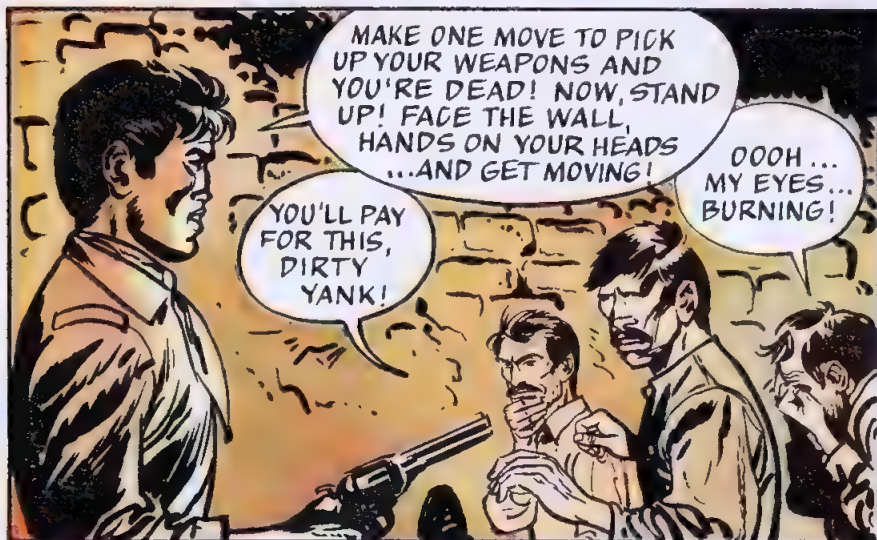


NOT SO FAST!
LET'S HAVE
THAT LITTLE
TOY!

AAAAH!
MY HAND!



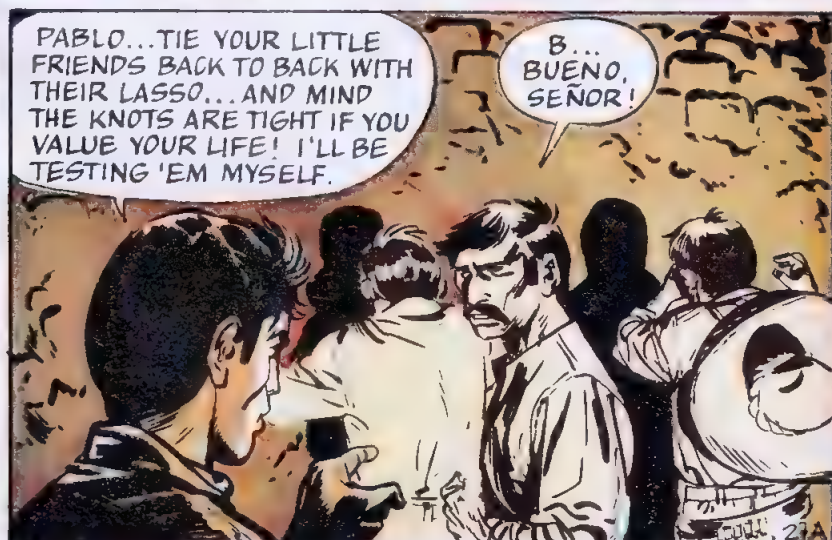
HHUMMPHF!



MAKE ONE MOVE TO PICK
UP YOUR WEAPONS AND
YOU'RE DEAD! NOW, STAND
UP! FACE THE WALL,
HANDS ON YOUR HEADS
...AND GET MOVING!

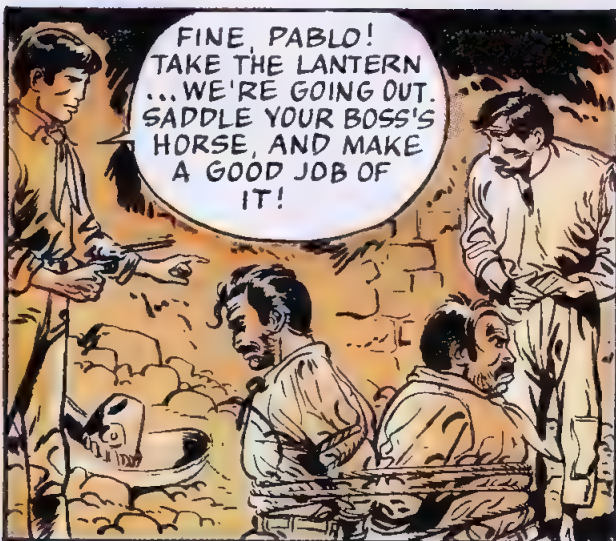
YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS,
DIRTY
YANK!

OOOH ...
MY EYES ...
BURNING!



PABLO...TIE YOUR LITTLE
FRIENDS BACK TO BACK WITH
THEIR LASSO...AND MIND
THE KNOTS ARE TIGHT IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE! I'LL BE
TESTING 'EM MYSELF.

B...
BUENO,
SEÑOR!



FINE, PABLO!
TAKE THE LANTERN
...WE'RE GOING OUT.
SADDLE YOUR BOSS'S
HORSE, AND MAKE
A GOOD JOB OF
IT!



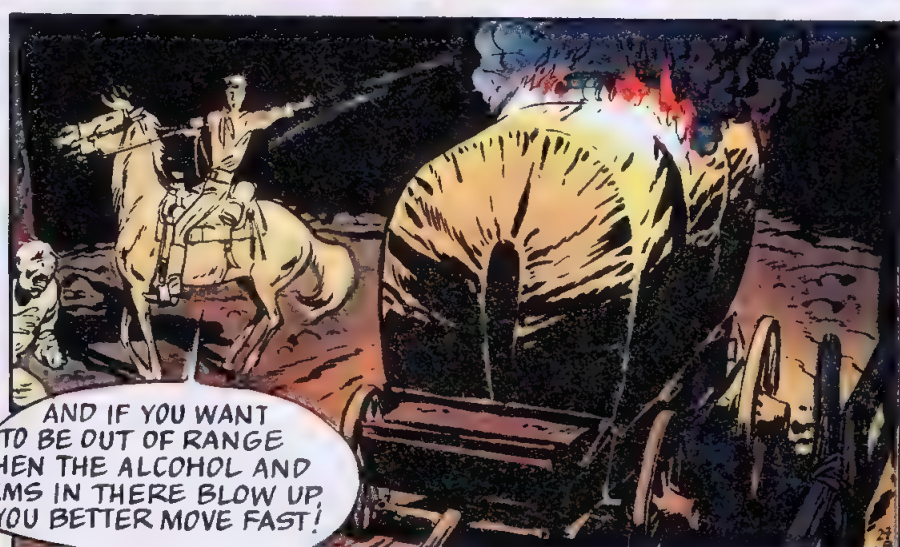
THERE,
SEÑOR!



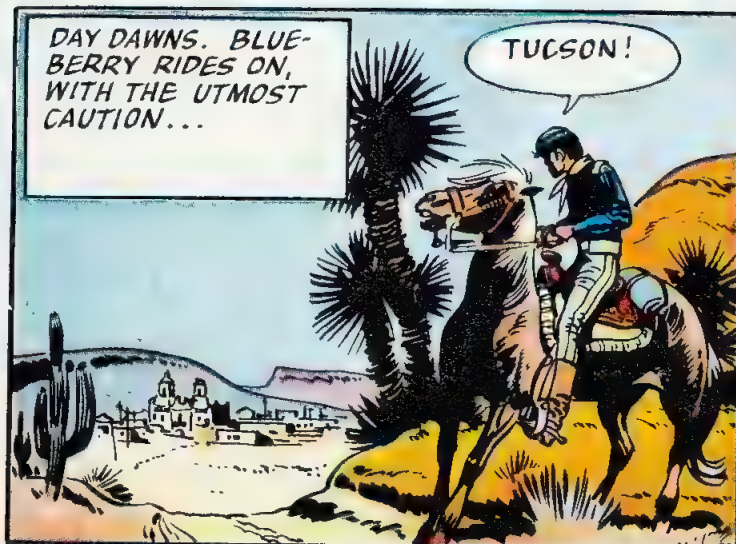
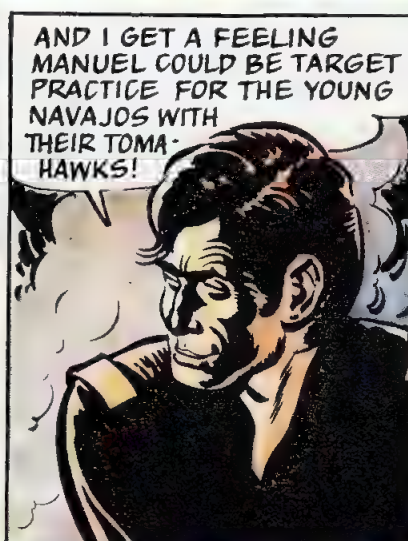
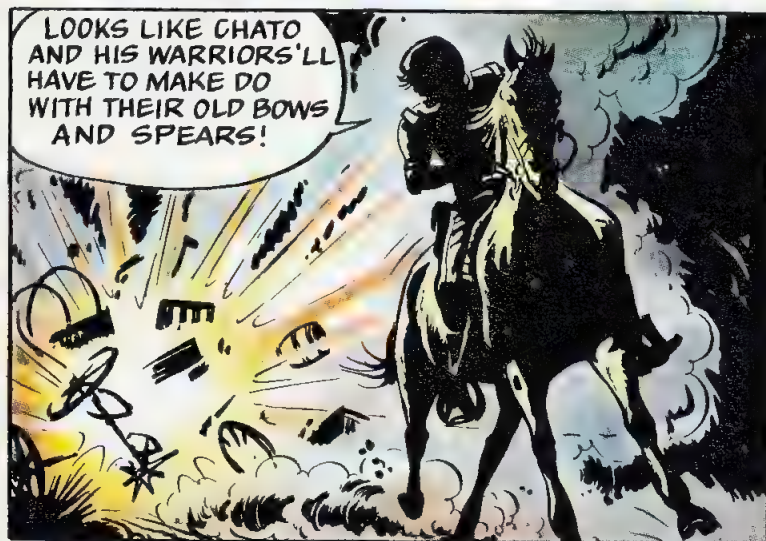
TAKE THE
LANTERN,
AND GET WELL
AWAY!

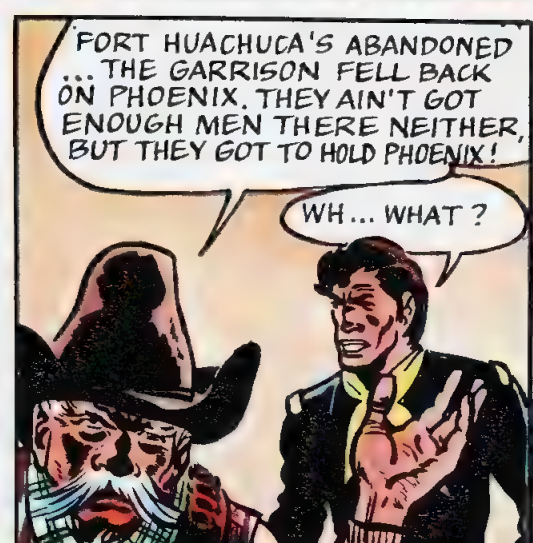
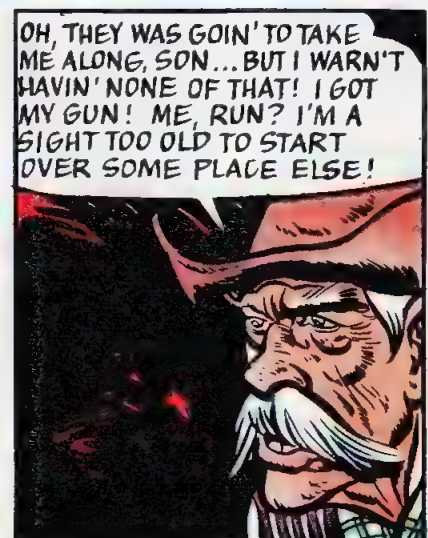
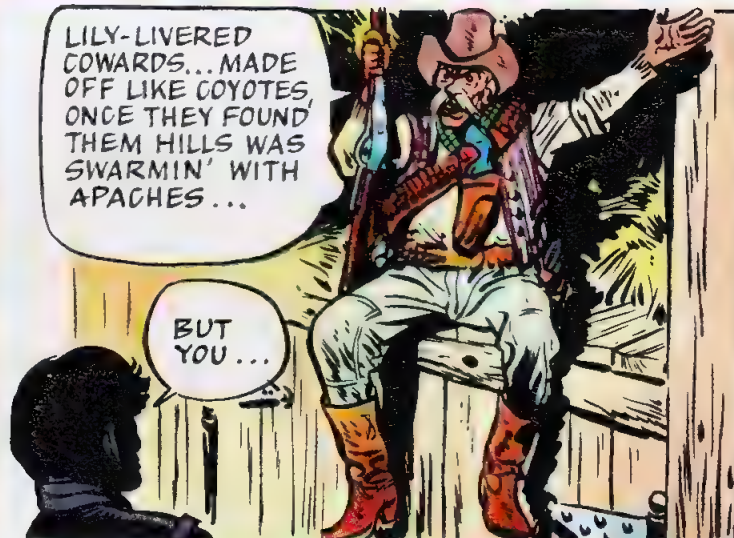
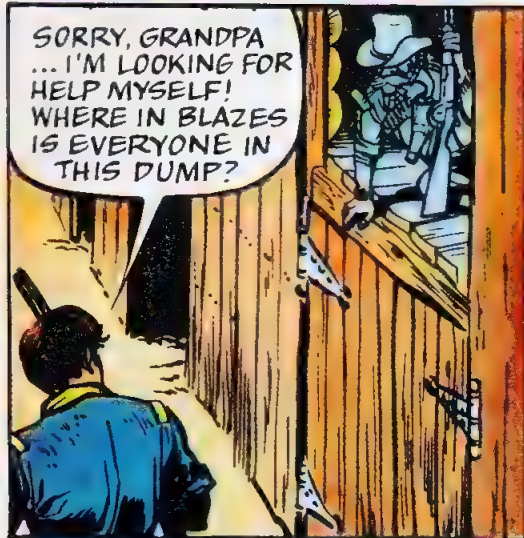
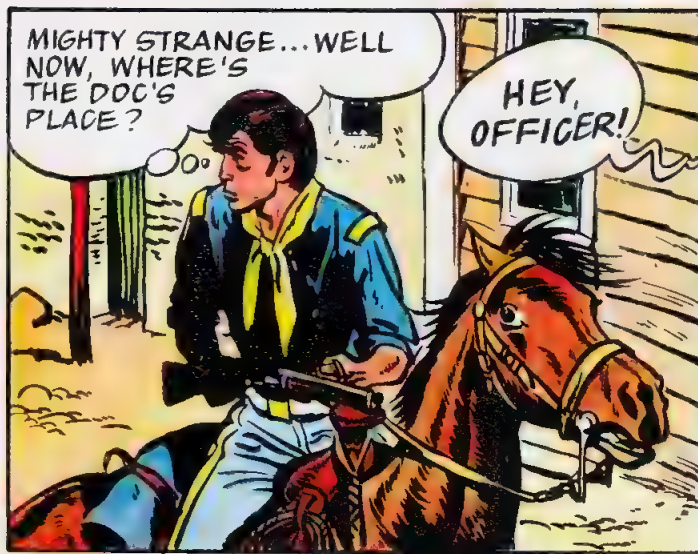


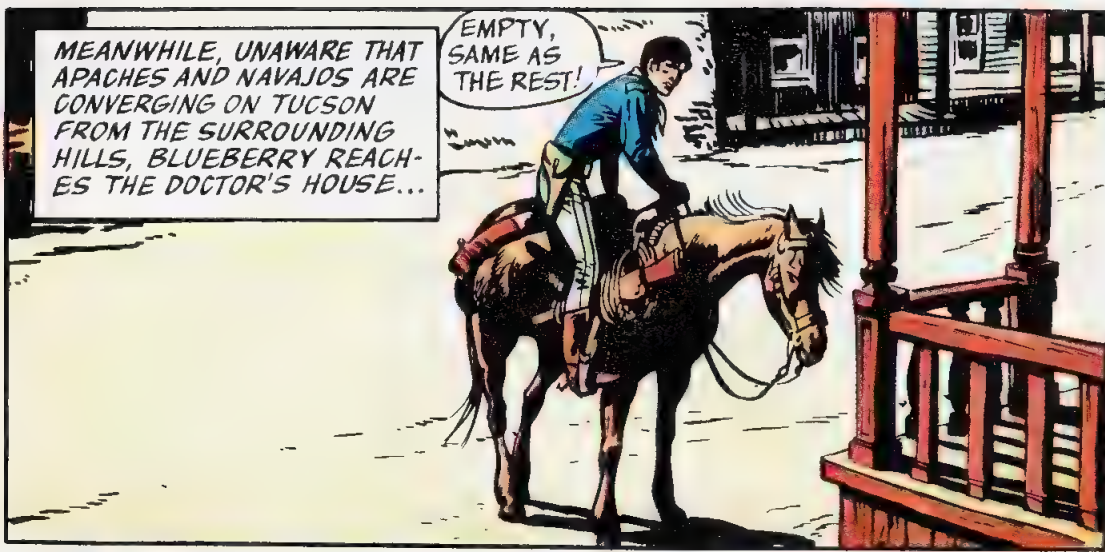
HAND IT OVER
...NOW, GO
SET THE
MULES
LOOSE.



AND IF YOU WANT
TO BE OUT OF RANGE
WHEN THE ALCOHOL AND
ARMS IN THERE BLOW UP
YOU BETTER MOVE FAST!







MEANWHILE, UNAWARE THAT APACHES AND NAVAJOS ARE CONVERGING ON TUCSON FROM THE SURROUNDING HILLS, BLUEBERRY REACHES THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE...

EMPTY, SAME AS THE REST!



NO CALL TO GO CAREFULLY...



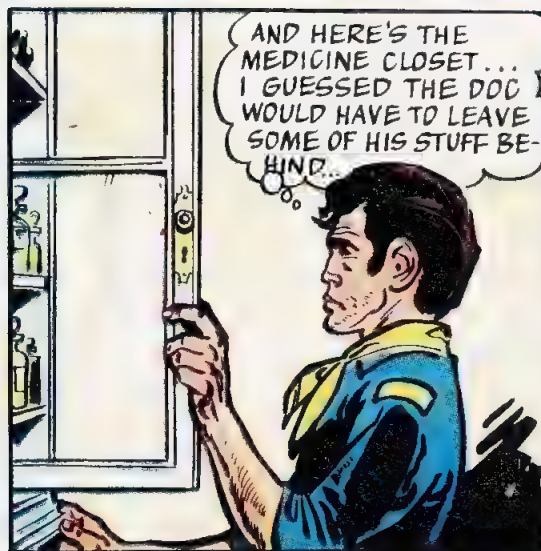
GOOD... GOT THE SURGERY FIRST GO OFF!



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, UTTERING SAVAGE WAR CRIES, SEVERAL HUNDRED APACHE AND NAVAJO WARRIORS, LED BY CO-CHISE, LONE CALF, NANA AND CHATO, ARE MAKING FOR TUCSON FILL TILT...

WHOOOP!

WHOOOP!



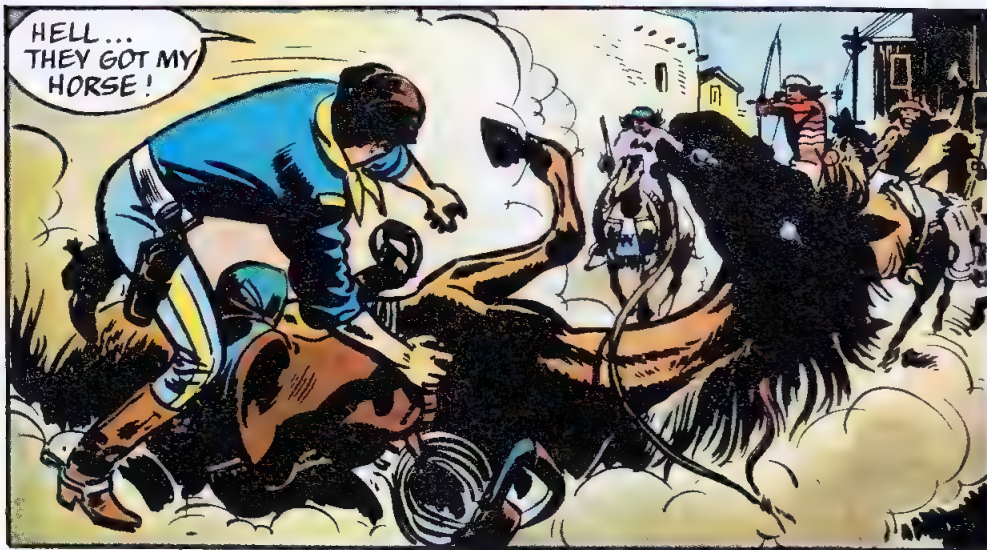
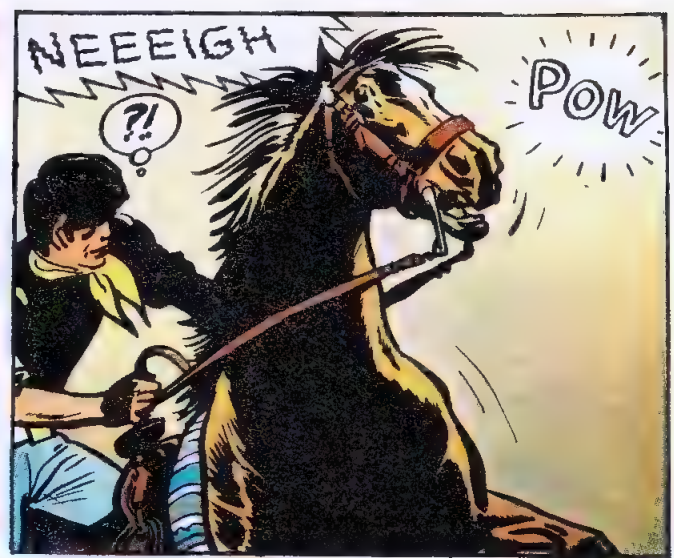
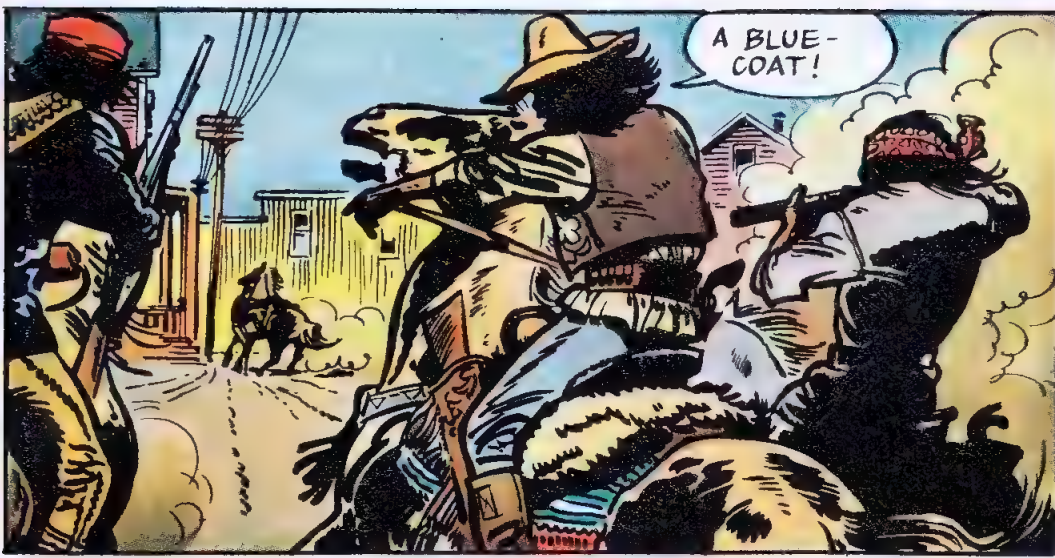
AND HERE'S THE MEDICINE CLOSET... I GUESSED THE DOC WOULD HAVE TO LEAVE SOME OF HIS STUFF BEHIND...

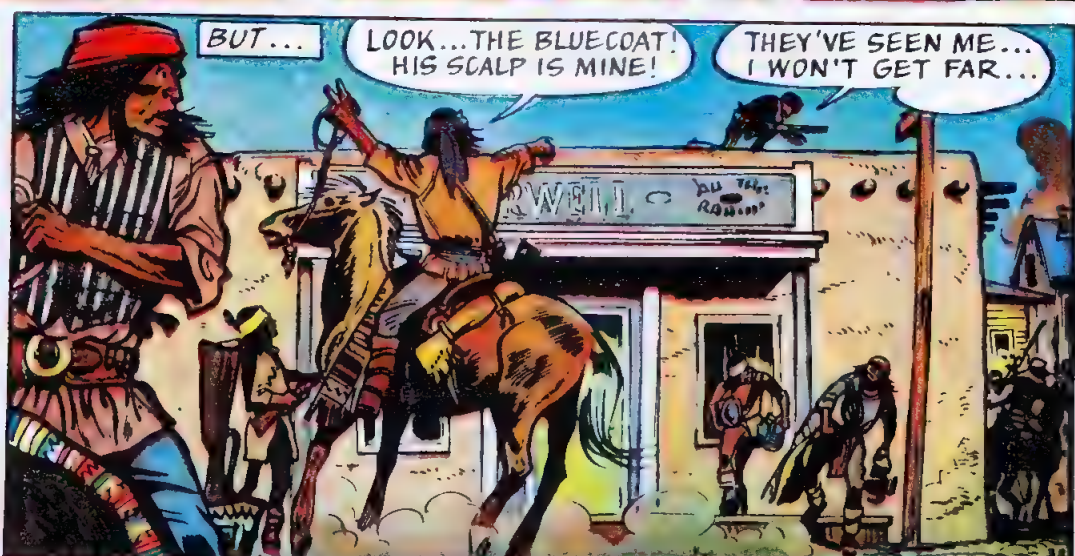
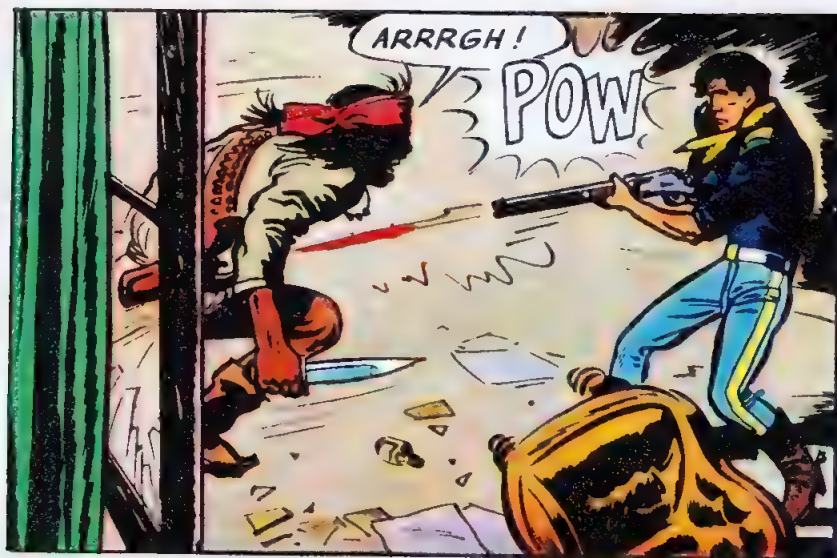


HERE'S WHAT I'M AFTER...?!? HELL... WHAT THE...? INJUNS ATTACKING!



MY GOD!





BUT AS THE APACHES GALLOP DOWN TUCSON'S MAIN STREET AFTER BLUEBERRY, A HAIL OF BULLETS SUDDENLY MOWS DOWN THE LEADERS...



BACK!
A PALEFACE
TRAP!

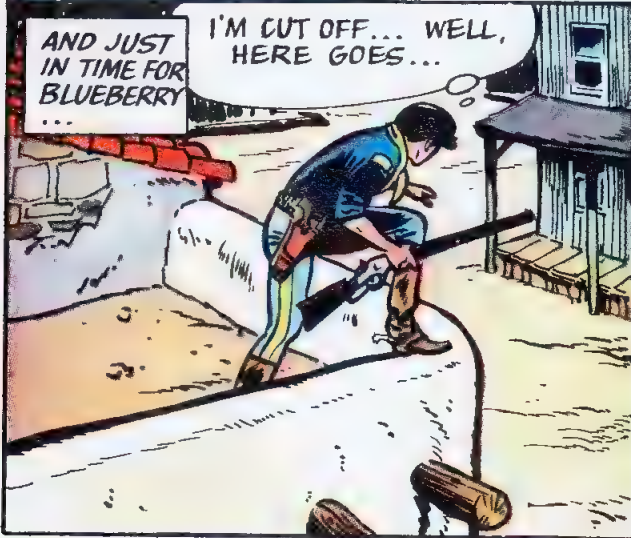
CROUCHING BEHIND HIS BARN
DOOR, THE OLD FARMER HAS
OPENED FIRE ON THE REDSKINS...



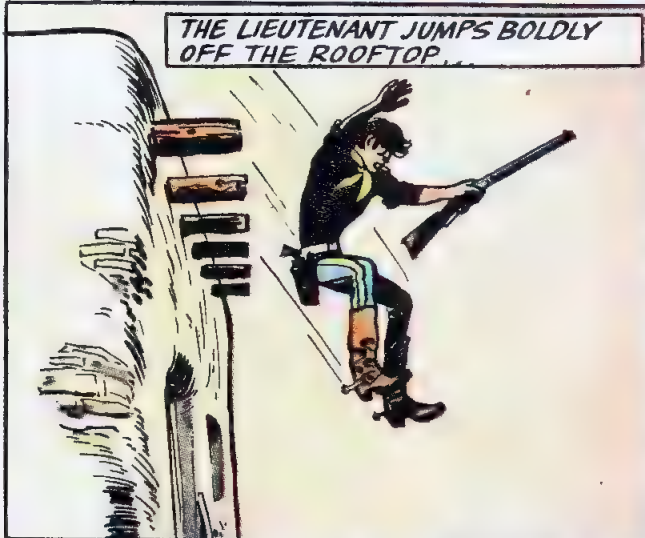
HA! HA!
HA!

AND JUST
IN TIME FOR
BLUEBERRY...

I'M CUT OFF... WELL,
HERE GOES...



THE LIEUTENANT JUMPS BOLDLY
OFF THE ROOFTOP...



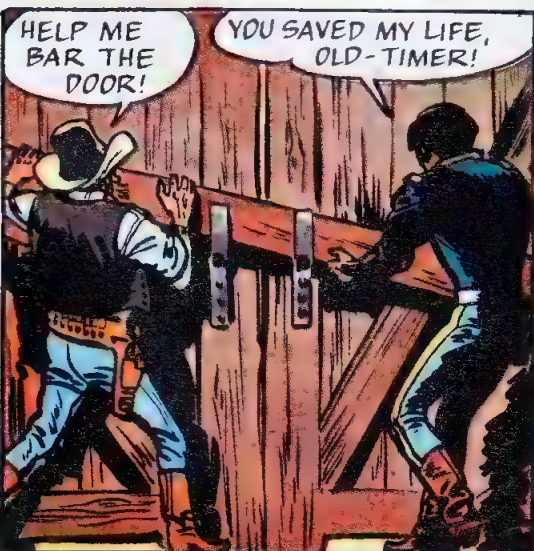
PHEW!



THERE'S
THE OLD
MAN'S PLACE!

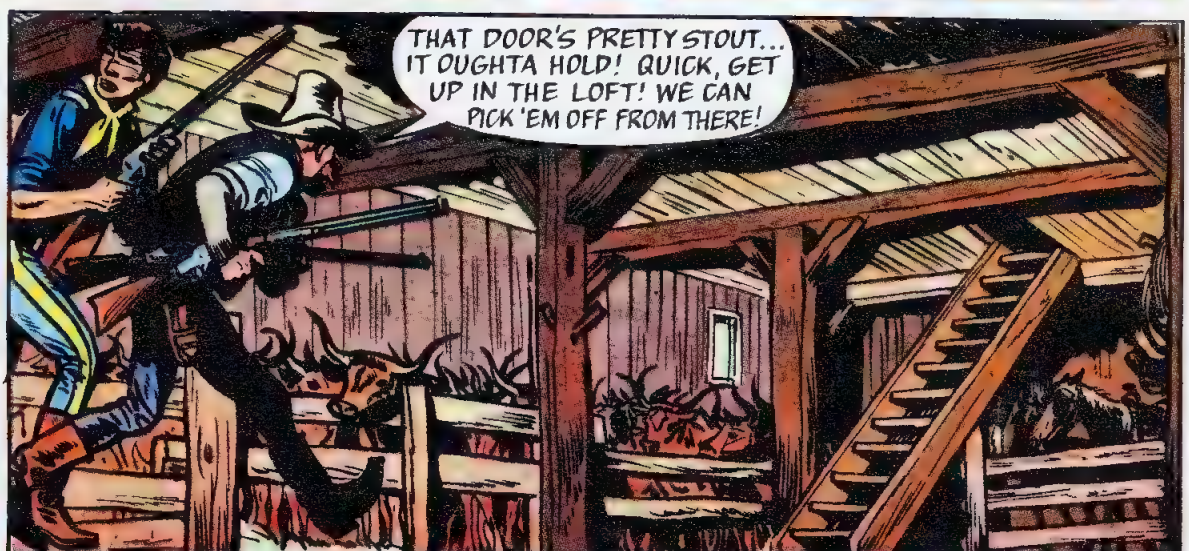


THIS WAY,
SON!

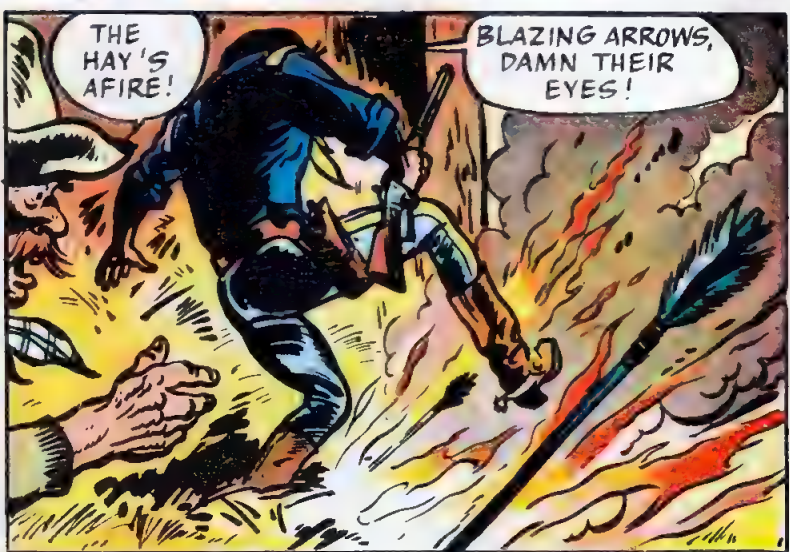
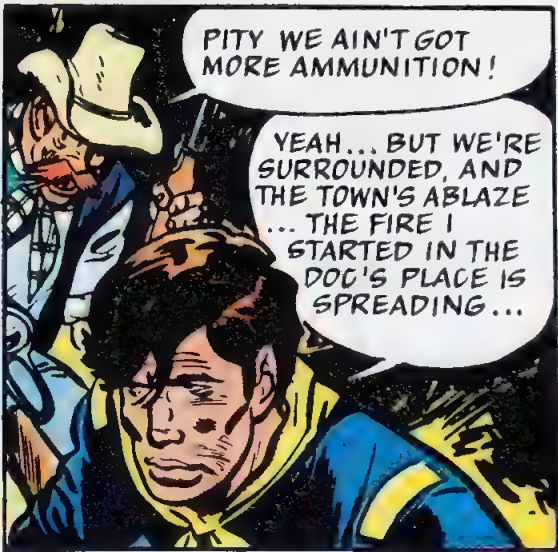


HELP ME
BAR THE
DOOR!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE,
OLD-TIMER!

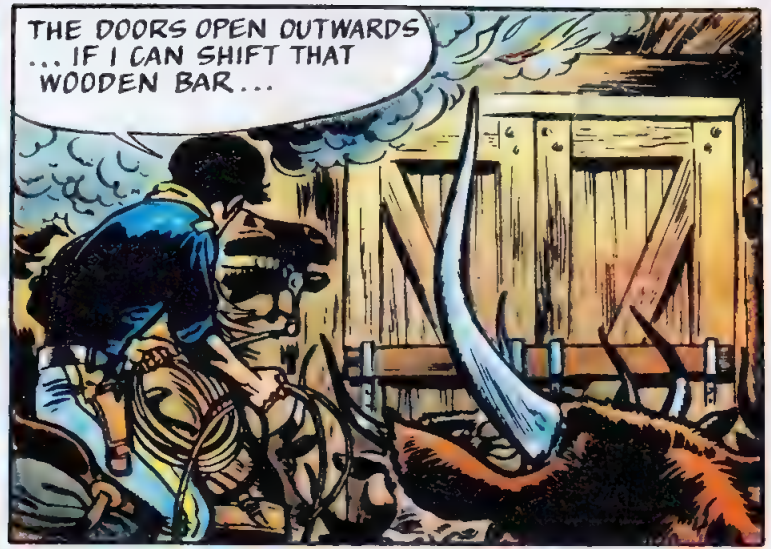


THAT DOOR'S PRETTY STOUT...
IT OUGHTA HOLD! QUICK, GET
UP IN THE LOFT! WE CAN
PICK 'EM OFF FROM THERE!





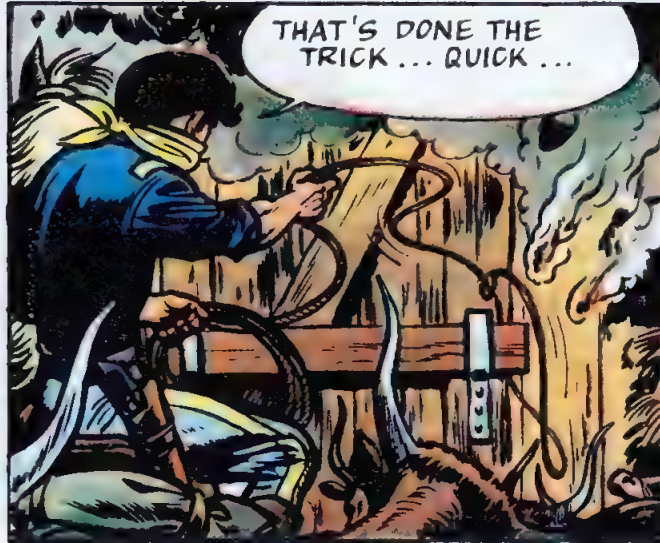
WAIT...THERE'S A
SADDLE ON ONE
HORSE... IF I CAN
GET ON HIM...



THE DOORS OPEN OUTWARDS
... IF I CAN SHIFT THAT
WOODEN BAR...



THE POOR CRAZED
CREATURES WILL BOLT,
TRAMPLING EVERYTHING
IN THEIR PATH...



THAT'S DONE THE
TRICK ... QUICK ...



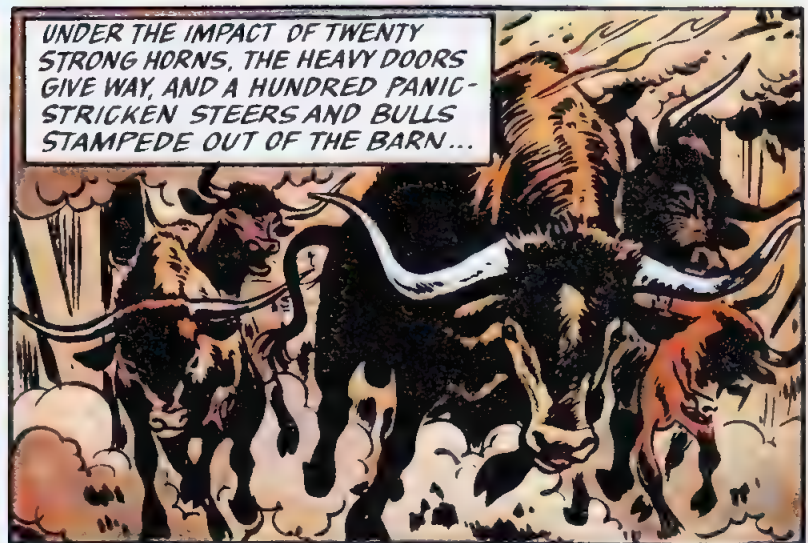
A LOOP OVER THAT
SADDLE-HOOK, AND THEN
...



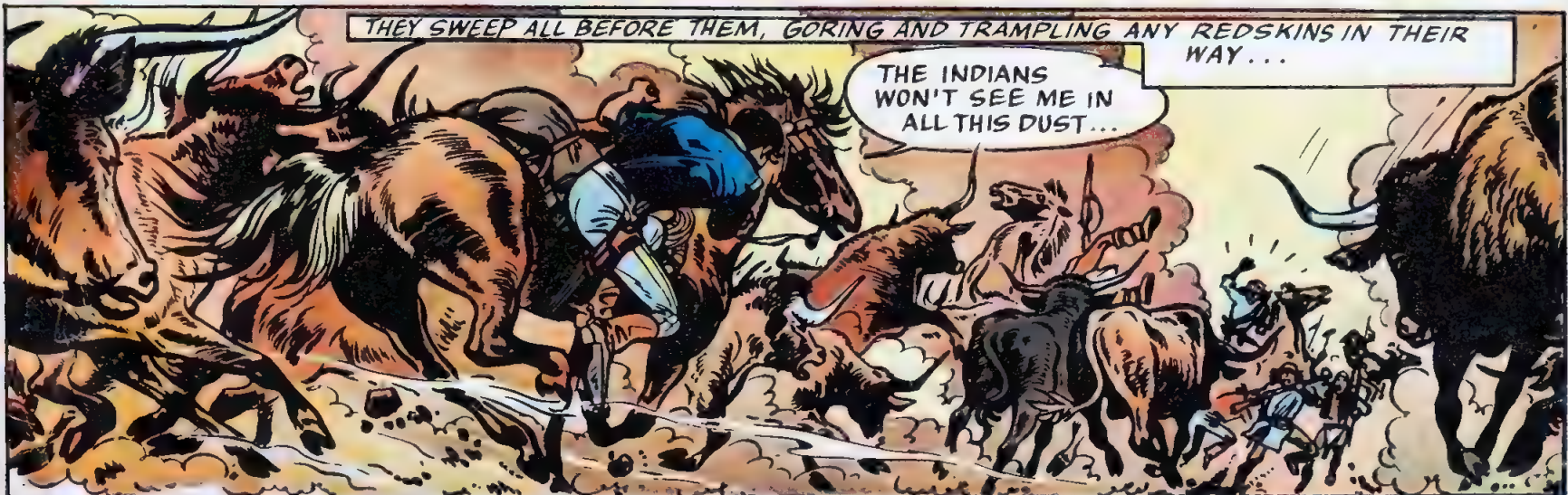
LET MY BROTHERS BE READY...THE FIRE
WILL DRIVE THEM OUT! I WANT THE BLUE-
COATS ALIVE!



THE DOOR IS
OPENING...



UNDER THE IMPACT OF TWENTY
STRONG HORNS, THE HEAVY DOORS
GIVE WAY, AND A HUNDRED PANIC-
STRICKEN STEERS AND BULLS
STAMPEDE OUT OF THE BARN...



THEY SWEEP ALL BEFORE THEM, GORING AND TRAMPLING ANY REDSKINS IN THEIR
WAY...

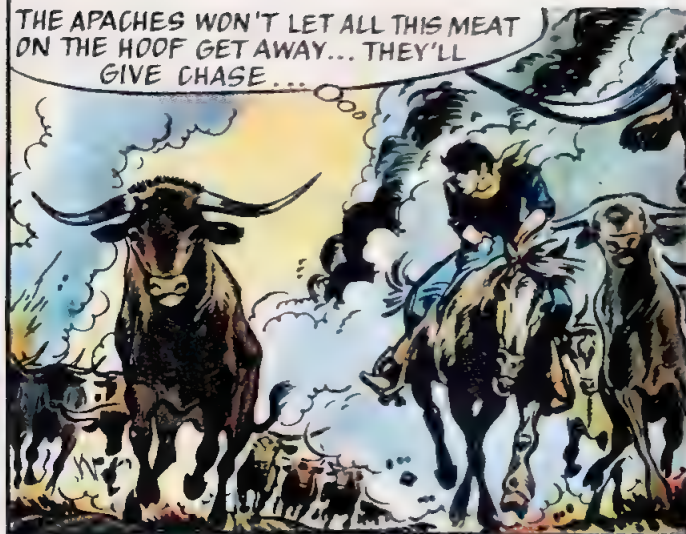
THE INDIANS
WON'T SEE ME IN
ALL THIS DUST...



A LITTLE LATER...

KEEP BACK! THE PALEFACES
WILL DIE IN THE FLAMES!

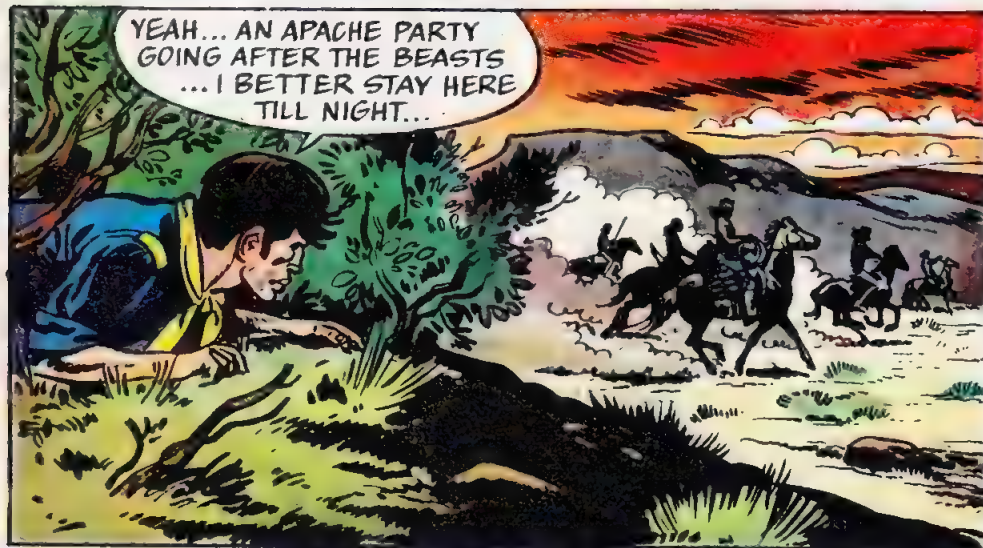
THE APACHES WON'T LET ALL THIS MEAT
ON THE HOOF GET AWAY... THEY'LL
GIVE CHASE...



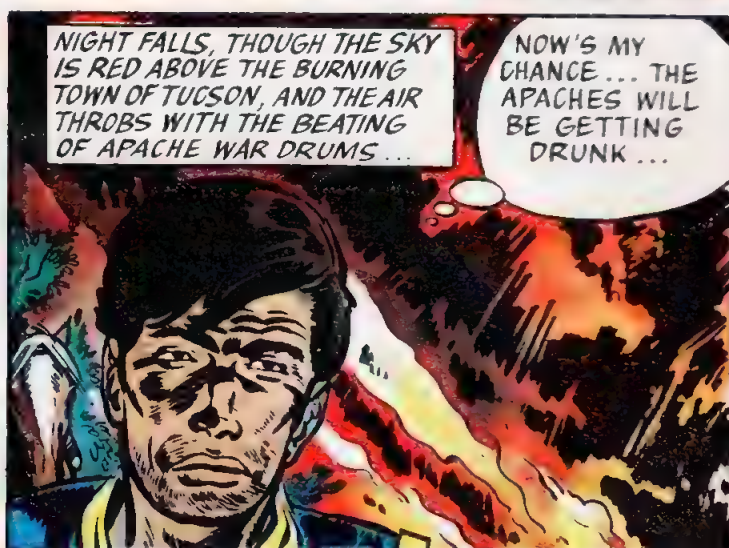
I MUST LEAVE THE HERD
WHILE THE DUST STILL
GIVES ME COVER...



THEY'RE SLOWING
DOWN... NOW! I CAN
HIDE IN THIS LITTLE
WOOD...



YEAH... AN APACHE PARTY
GOING AFTER THE BEASTS
... I BETTER STAY HERE
TILL NIGHT...

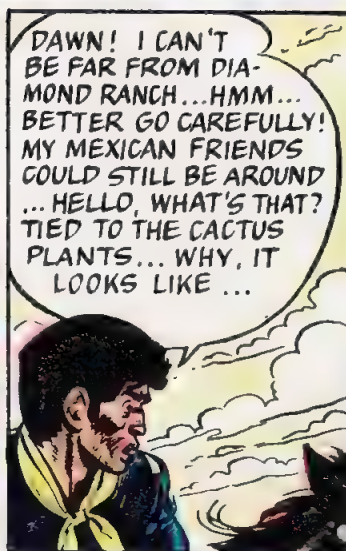


NIGHT FALLS, THOUGH THE SKY
IS RED ABOVE THE BURNING
TOWN OF TUCSON, AND THE AIR
THROBS WITH THE BEATING
OF APACHE WAR DRUMS...

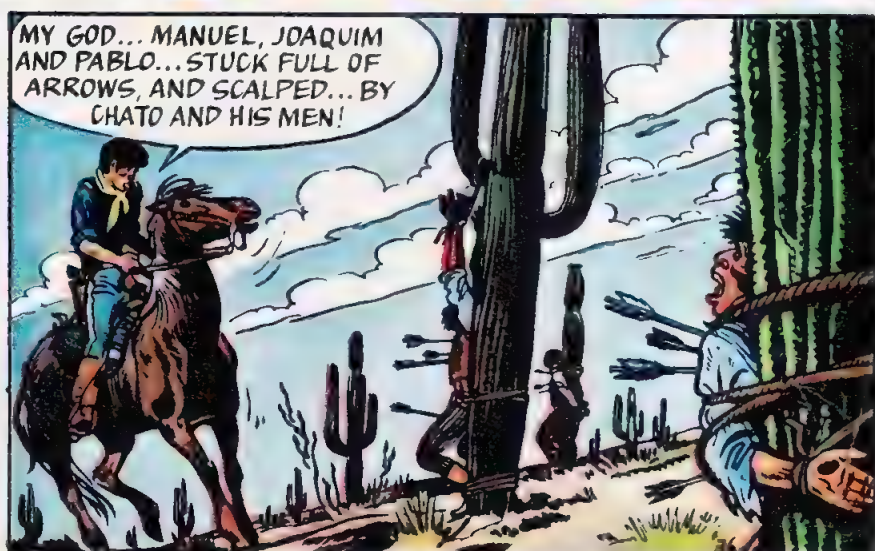
NOW'S MY
CHANCE... THE
APACHES WILL
BE GETTING
DRUNK...



THE MAIN
BODY OF INDI-
ANS MUST BE
HERE... CAN'T
BE MUCH OF A
FORGE LEFT
AROUND FORT
NAVAJO.



DAWN! I CAN'T
BE FAR FROM DIA-
MOND RANCH... HMM...
BETTER GO CAREFULLY!
MY MEXICAN FRIENDS
COULD STILL BE AROUND
... HELLO, WHAT'S THAT?
TIED TO THE CACTUS
PLANTS... WHY, IT
LOOKS LIKE...



MY GOD... MANUEL, JOAQUIM
AND PABLO... STUCK FULL OF
ARROWS, AND SCALPED... BY
CHATO AND HIS MEN!

AN HOUR LATER, AFTER BURYING THE THREE MEXICANS UNDER A CAIRN OF STONES, BLUEBERRY GOES ON TOWARDS SAN PEDRO RIVER.

THAT DELAYED ME... STILL, COULDN'T LEAVE 'EM TO THE COYOTES AND VULTURES.

IT'S RISKY, BUT I BETTER CUT ACROSS THE DESERT... THAT WAY I'M LESS LIKELY TO MEET AN APACHE BAND.

BLUEBERRY GOES ON ALL DAY AND ALL THE NEXT NIGHT, DUSTY AND EXHAUSTED, STOPPING ONLY TO REST AND WATER HIS HORSE. BUT...

FRESH TRACKS! APACHES CAME THIS WAY YESTERDAY... AT LEAST A HUNDRED! AND ALL MAKING FOR PHOENIX... LOOKS LIKE WE CAN'T EXPECT ANY HELP FROM THERE!

AT DAWN, AFTER A FEW HOURS' SLEEP IN A CAVE, BLUEBERRY GOES ON. ON THE SECOND NIGHT...

BETTER GO CAREFULLY HERE... THE NAVAJOS CAN'T BE FAR OFF! THE FORT'S LESS THAN FIVE MILES AWAY... I'LL SOON SEE ITS LIGHTS...

NOTHING! NOT A GLIMMER! BASCOM MUST'VE MADE THEM HIDE THE LIGHTS... STILL, WHY THE SILENCE?

NOT A SOUND! NOT FROM THE FORT... OR THE HILLS! HOLY SMOKE... WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOKS LIKE THE NAVAJOS AREN'T HERE EITHER...

SUDDENLY...

THE FORT! I GOT THERE BEFORE I SAW IT IN THE DARK... AND THE PLACE IS STILL SILENT AS THE GRAVE...

WHAT IN BLAZES WENT ON HERE? NO SIGN OF LIFE... AND THE GATES WIDE OPEN. COULD BE IT'S A TRAP...



I JUST DON'T GET IT! IF THE APACHES HAD STORMED THE FORT IT'D BE IN RUINS, THERE'D BE CORPSES... SO MAYBE IT IS A TRAP! WELL, THERE'S JUST ONE WAY TO FIND OUT... WALK IN!



NOT A SOUL! FORT NAVAJO IS DESERTED! BASCOM... MISS MURIEL... CRAIG... THE COLONEL! THE DAMN FOOLS!



AFTER I RISKED MY SCALP TO BRING BACK THE SERUM AND GO FOR HELP! WHAT THE ...

BLUEBERRY!



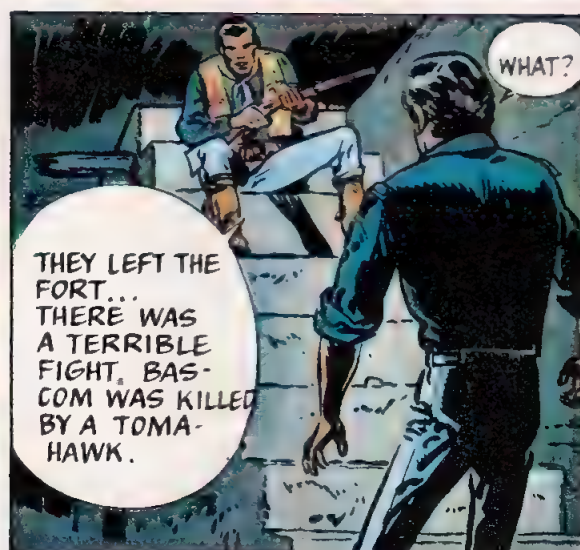
C... CROWE!

DON'T DO ANYTHING SILLY, BLUEBERRY... PUT DOWN THAT GUN AND DISMOUNT! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR... I'M ALONE!



YOU YELLOW DOG! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND WHAT BECAME OF ALL THE OTHERS? HANDED OVER TO YOUR RED-SKIN FRIENDS, EH?

STOP THAT, BLUEBERRY!



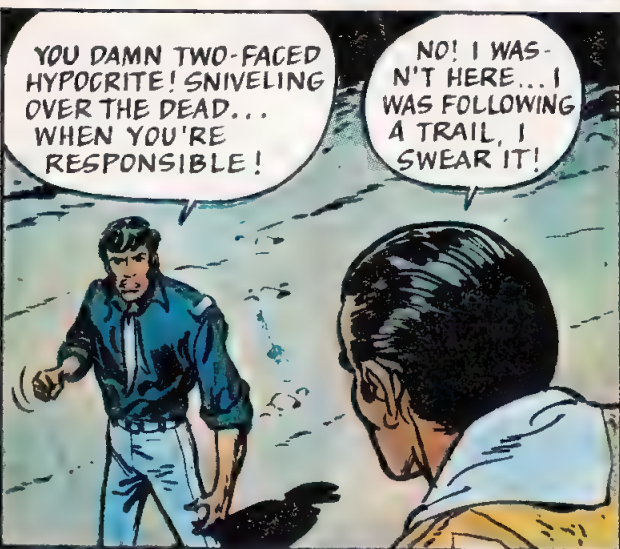
WHAT?

THEY LEFT THE FORT... THERE WAS A TERRIBLE FIGHT. BASCOM WAS KILLED BY A TOMAHAWK.



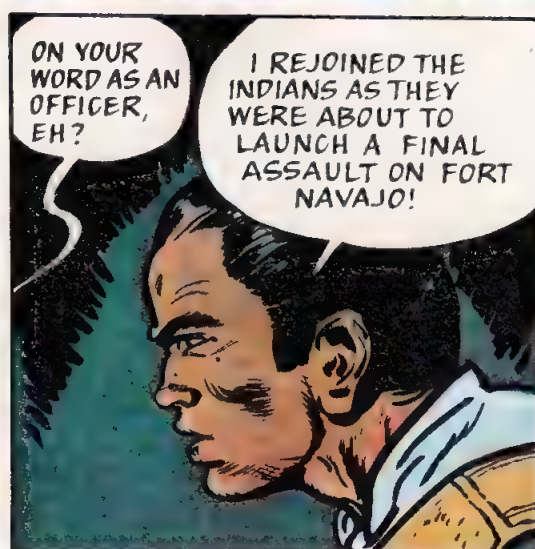
AND HALF THE GARRISON TOO! IF I'D BEEN THERE I'D HAVE DONE ALL I COULD TO STOP IT...

BASCOM... DEAD!



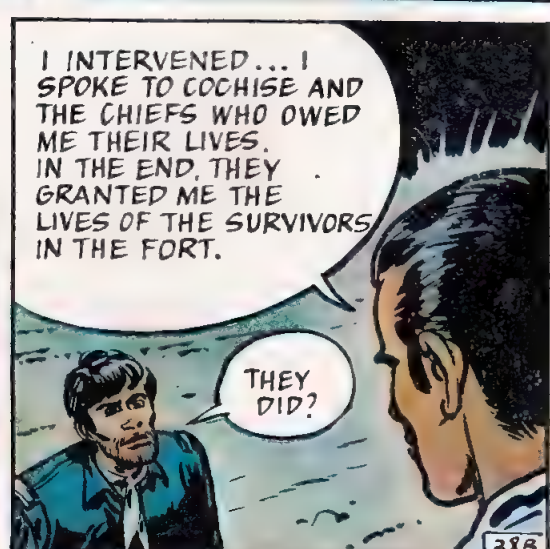
YOU DAMN TWO-FACED HYPOCRITE! SNIVELING OVER THE DEAD... WHEN YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE!

NO! I WASN'T HERE... I WAS FOLLOWING A TRAIL, I SWEAR IT!



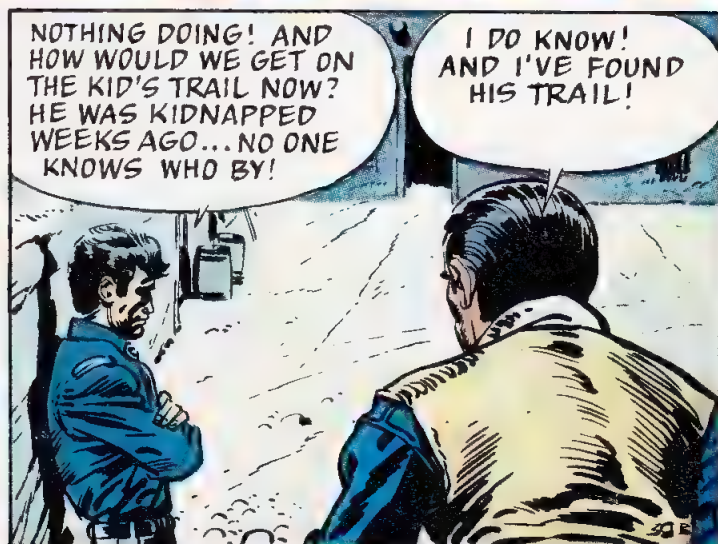
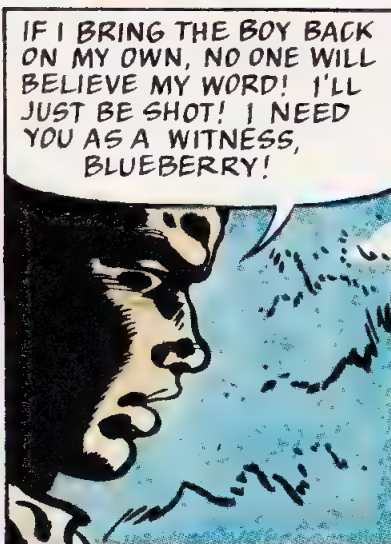
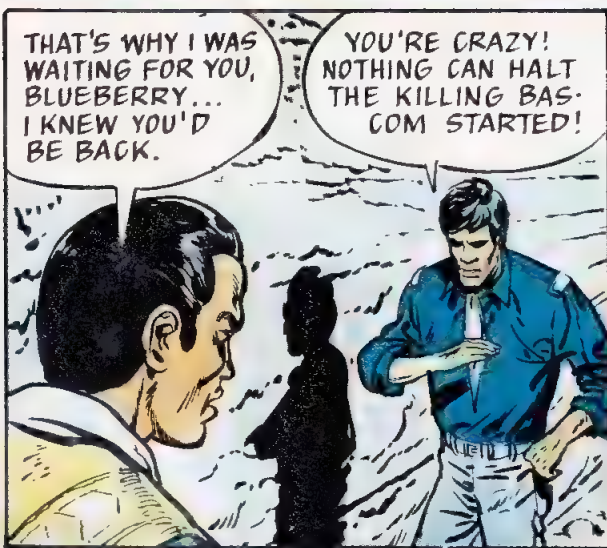
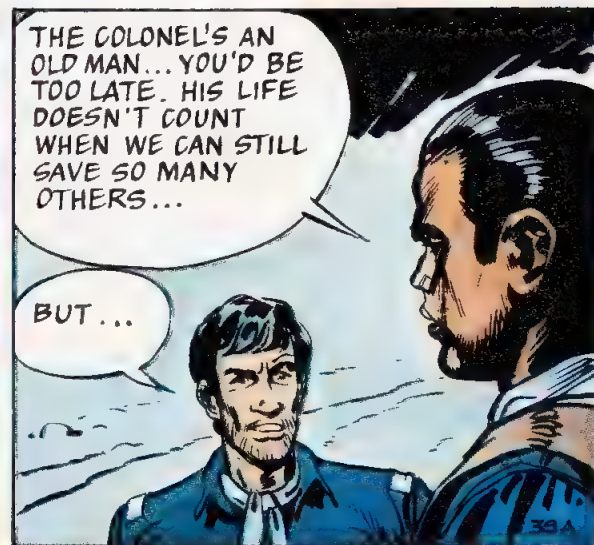
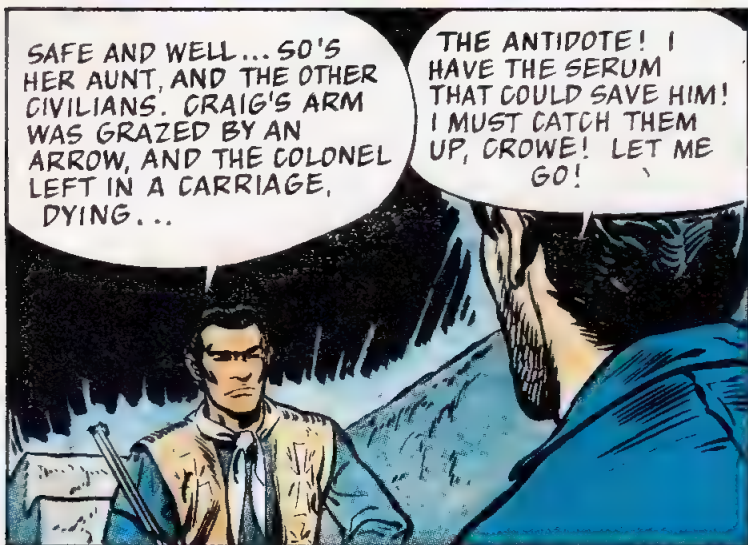
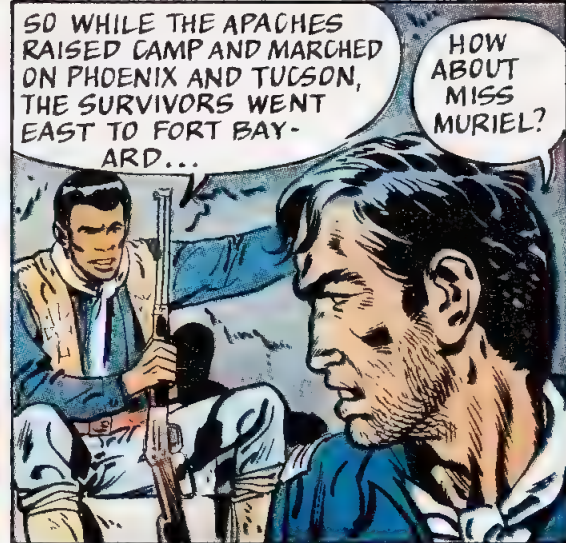
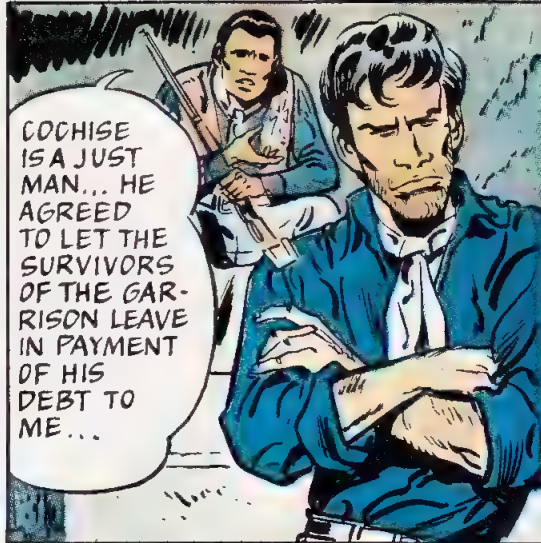
ON YOUR WORD AS AN OFFICER, EH?

I REJOINED THE INDIANS AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO LAUNCH A FINAL ASSAULT ON FORT NAVAJO!



I INTERVENED... I SPOKE TO COCHISE AND THE CHIEFS WHO OWED ME THEIR LIVES. IN THE END, THEY GRANTED ME THE LIVES OF THE SURVIVORS IN THE FORT.

THEY DID?



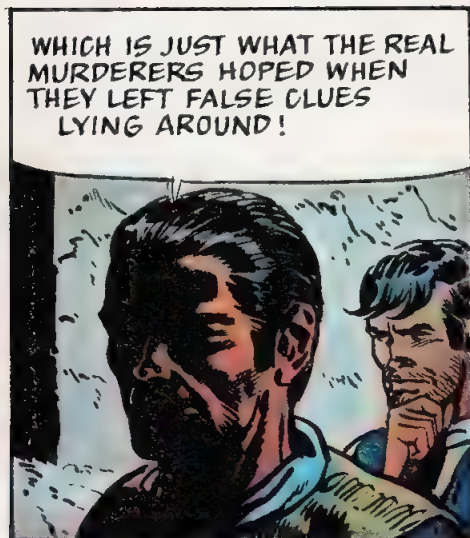


WHAT?
THE
KID'S
TRAIL?

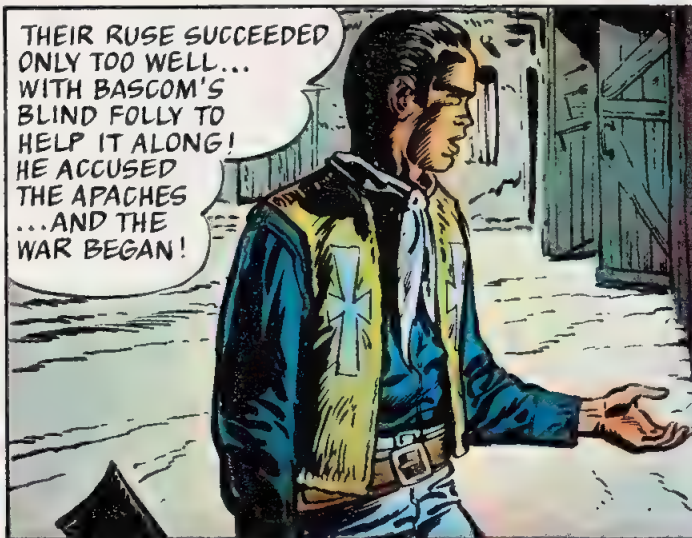
YEAH...THE
APACHE SCOUTS
HELPED ME!
THE STANTONS
WERE MURDERED
BY MESCALERO
INDIANS FROM
MEXICO...I WENT
BACK TO THEIR
RANCH...



THE TRACES LEFT
THERE WOULD CONVINCE
ANY WHITE MAN THAT
APACHES WERE THE
KILLERS...



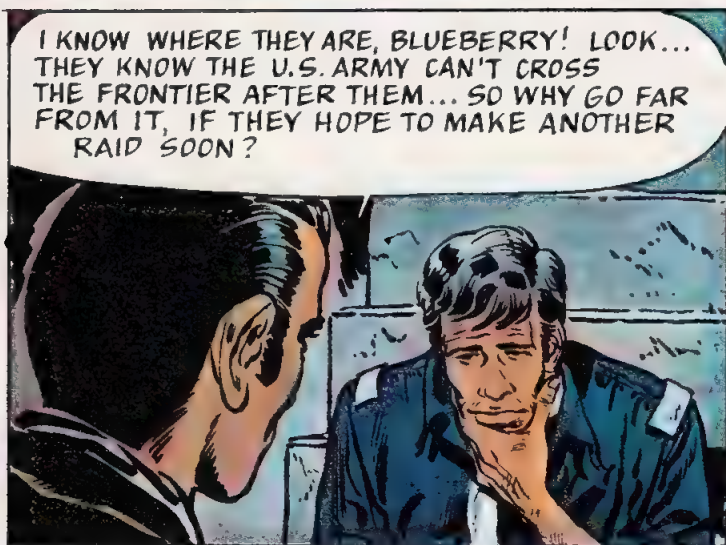
WHICH IS JUST WHAT THE REAL
MURDERERS HOPED WHEN
THEY LEFT FALSE CLUES
LYING AROUND!



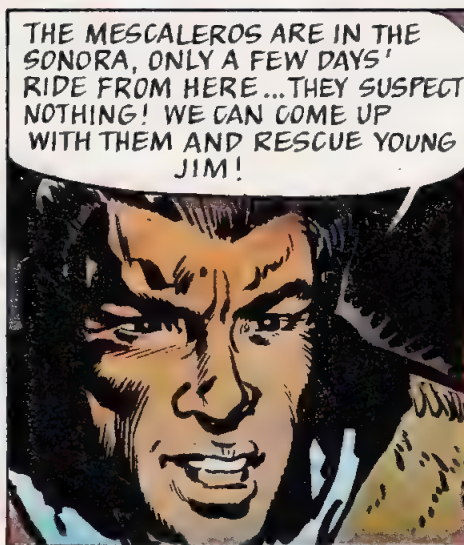
THEIR RUSE SUCCEEDED
ONLY TOO WELL...
WITH BASCOM'S
BLIND FOLLY TO
HELP IT ALONG!
HE ACCUSED
THE APACHES
...AND THE
WAR BEGAN!



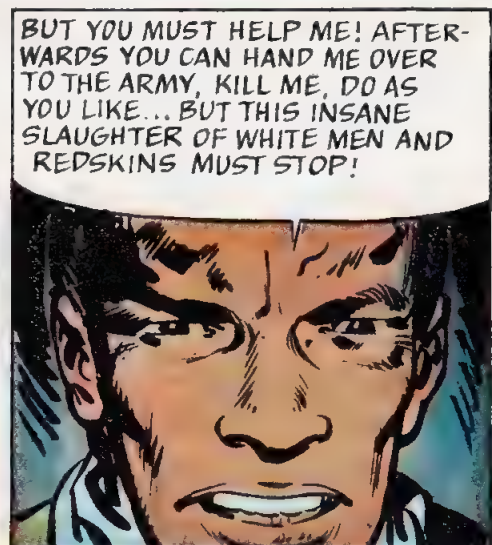
AND MEANWHILE THE
MESCALEROS HAD
TIME TO CROSS THE
FRONTIER! YEAH...
THAT FIGURES...
BUT MEXICO'S A BIG
COUNTRY, CROWE!
HOW DO WE FIND
'EM NOW?



I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, BLUEBERRY! LOOK...
THEY KNOW THE U.S. ARMY CAN'T CROSS
THE FRONTIER AFTER THEM... SO WHY GO FAR
FROM IT, IF THEY HOPE TO MAKE ANOTHER
RAID SOON?



THE MESCALEROS ARE IN THE
SONORA, ONLY A FEW DAYS'
RIDE FROM HERE...THEY SUSPECT
NOTHING! WE CAN COME UP
WITH THEM AND RESCUE YOUNG
JIM!

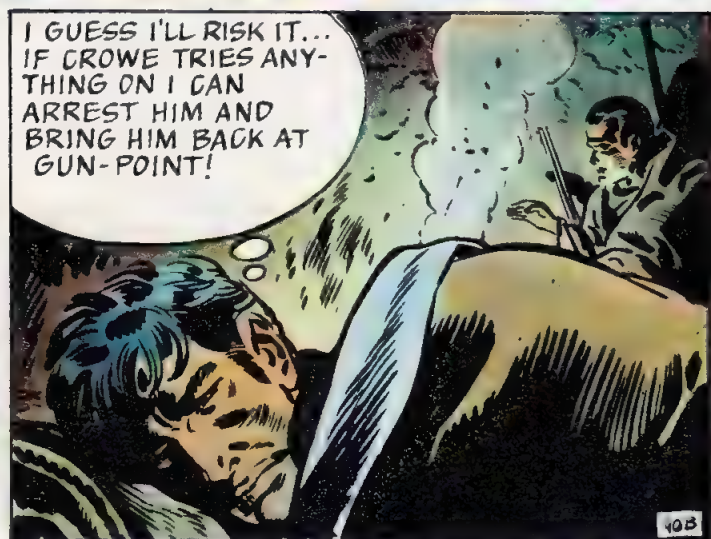


BUT YOU MUST HELP ME! AFTER-
WARDS YOU CAN HAND ME OVER
TO THE ARMY, KILL ME, DO AS
YOU LIKE... BUT THIS INSANE
SLAUGHTER OF WHITE MEN AND
REDSKINS MUST STOP!



OKAY, CROWE, I'LL COME
... IF YOUR APACHE
FRIENDS WILL LET US PASS!

NO PROBLEM THERE
...ALL THE TRIBES
ARE OVER IN THE
WEST. YOU SLEEP
NOW... I'LL KEEP
WATCH TILL
DAWN. WE
HAVE A GOOD
WAY TO GO
TOMORROW.



I GUESS I'LL RISK IT...
IF CROWE TRIES ANY-
THING ON I CAN
ARREST HIM AND
BRING HIM BACK AT
GUN-POINT!

NEXT DAY, CROWE AND BLUEBERRY SET OFF SOUTH-WARD...

THE MESCALEROS WERE LAST SEEN HERE A FEW DAYS BACK... CAMPING NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE RIO ATASCO.

THEN THAT'S WHERE WE START... IF WE REACH THE RIVER ALIVE!

BUT THANKS TO CROWE'S INSIDE KNOWLEDGE OF THE INDIANS' MOVEMENTS THE TWO MEN CROSS THE PLAINS SAFELY...

AND FIVE DAYS LATER...

SEE THE HILLS OVER THERE? THAT'S THE FRONTIER. WE'RE IN MEXICO NOW... LESS THAN TWO DAYS' RIDE FROM THE RIO ATASCO...

SO NOW WE HAVE TO AVOID MEXICAN PATROLS... LUCKY THERE AREN'T TOO MANY OF 'EM!

FOR TWO DAYS THE MEN TRAVEL ON ACROSS THE SONORA. THEN...

THE RIO ATASCO! IT RISES OVER TO THE WEST!

WE MUST GO CAREFULLY... WE WANT TO COME UP WITH THE MESCALEROS WITHOUT LEAVING ANY TRAIL!

WE'LL RIDE ALONG THE RIVER BED... THE DARK WILL GIVE US COVER.

FOR SOME HOURS THE TWO HORSEMEN GO UPSTREAM. SUDDENLY...

HEY! LOOK, BLUEBERRY!

THE REMAINS OF THE MESCALERO CAMP... THEY'RE SO CONFIDENT THEY DIDN'T EVEN REMOVE THEIR TRACES!

JUDGING BY THE NUMBER OF FIRES AND WICKIUPS* THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN A HUNDRED OR SO...

THEY WERE STILL HERE TWO DAYS AGO... THEY CAN'T BE FAR OFF! HEY... LOOK AT THIS!

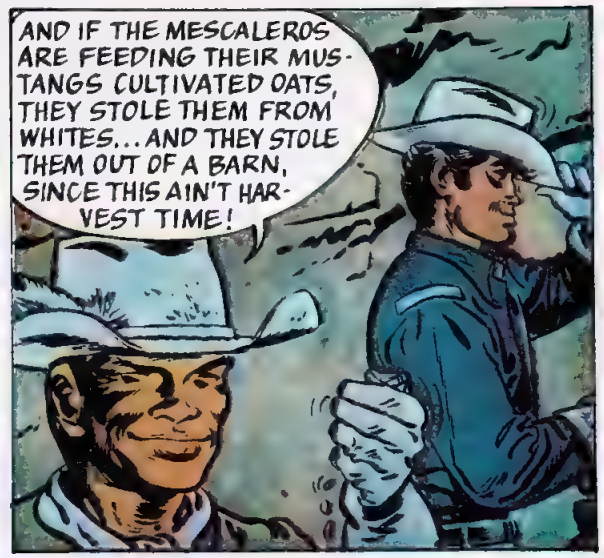
*HUTS COVERED WITH BRANCHES



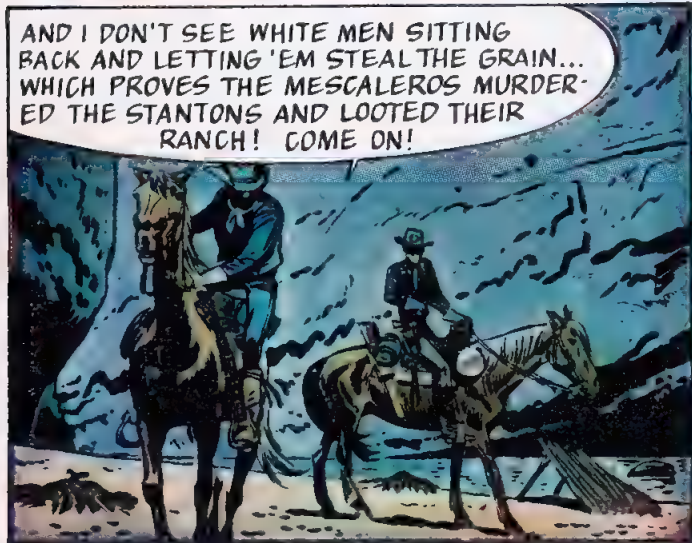
OATS... SO WHAT?
DON'T THE RED MEN
FEED THEIR HORSES
OATS?



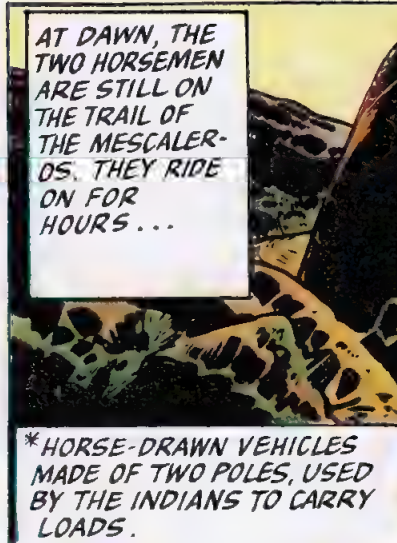
SURE! BUT ALWAYS
WILD OATS... THESE ARE
LARGER, THEY'RE
CULTIVATED OATS...



AND IF THE MESCALEROS
ARE FEEDING THEIR MUS-
TANGS CULTIVATED OATS,
THEY STOLE THEM FROM
WHITES... AND THEY STOLE
THEM OUT OF A BARN,
SINCE THIS AIN'T HAR-
VEST TIME!

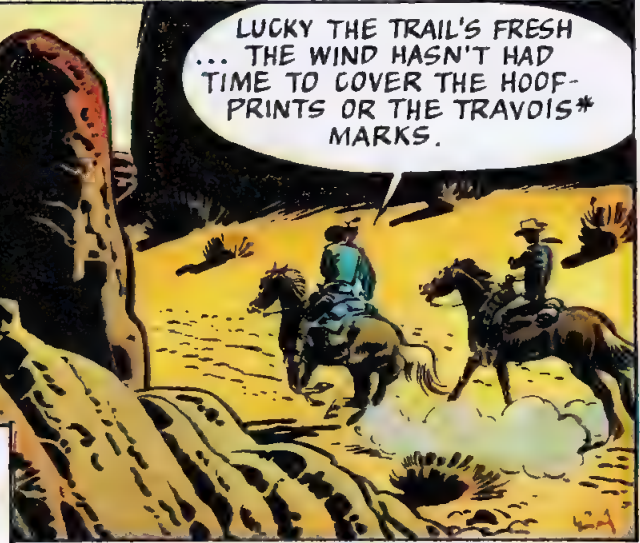


AND I DON'T SEE WHITE MEN SITTING
BACK AND LETTING 'EM STEAL THE GRAIN...
WHICH PROVES THE MESCALEROS MURDER-
ED THE STANTONS AND LOOTED THEIR
RANCH! COME ON!



AT DAWN, THE
TWO HORSEMEN
ARE STILL ON
THE TRAIL OF
THE MESCALER-
OS. THEY RIDE
ON FOR
HOURS...

*HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES
MADE OF TWO POLES, USED
BY THE INDIANS TO CARRY
LOADS.



LUCKY THE TRAIL'S FRESH
... THE WIND HASN'T HAD
TIME TO COVER THE HOOF-
PRINTS OR THE TRAVOIS*
MARKS.



SUDDENLY,
AT EVE-
NING...

STOP...
LISTEN...

HORSES
NEIGHING! OVER
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE HILL!



MUST BE
THE
MESCALERO
CAMP!

WE WANT TO
OBSERVE
THEM FROM THAT
LITTLE WOOD!



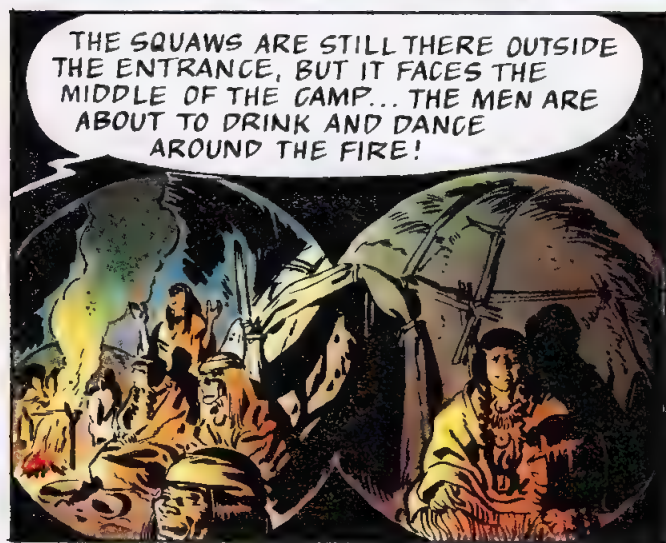
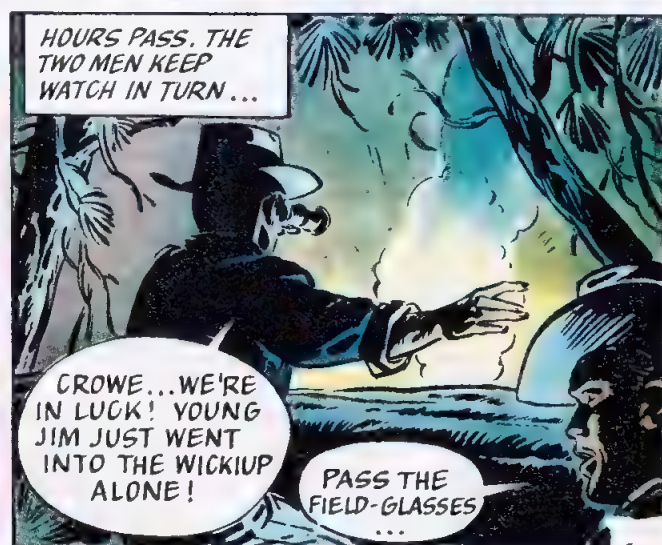
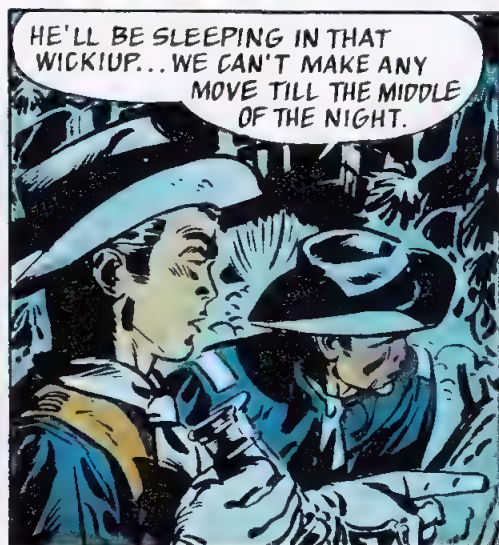
LEAVING THEIR
HORSES,
CROWE AND
BLUEBERRY
REACH THE HILL-
TOP AND CRAWL
IN AMONG
THE TREES...

SAY...
LOOK AT THAT!



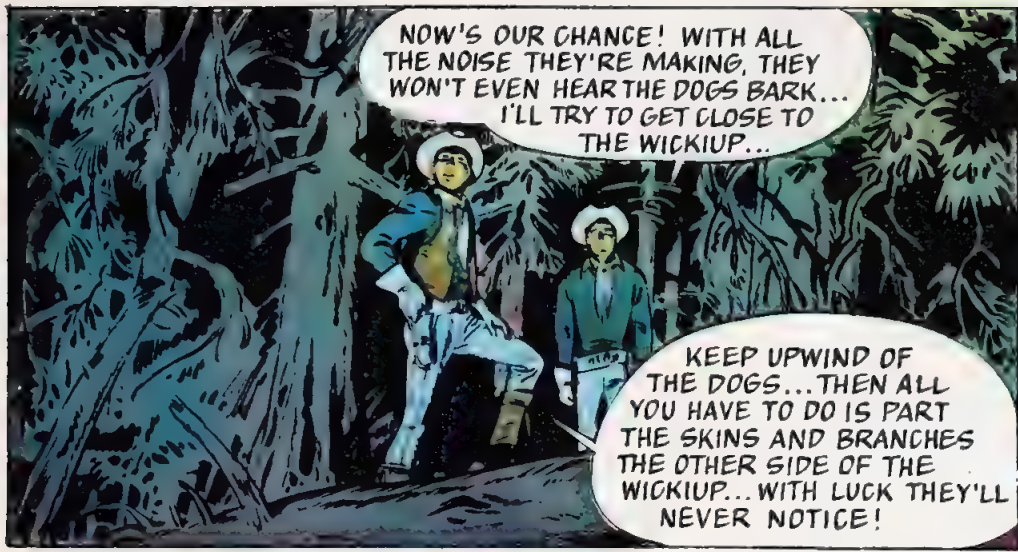
IT'S THEM SURE
ENOUGH... THEY'VE NO IDEA
WE'RE HERE! CAN YOU
SPOT YOUNG JIM?

MESCALEROS!



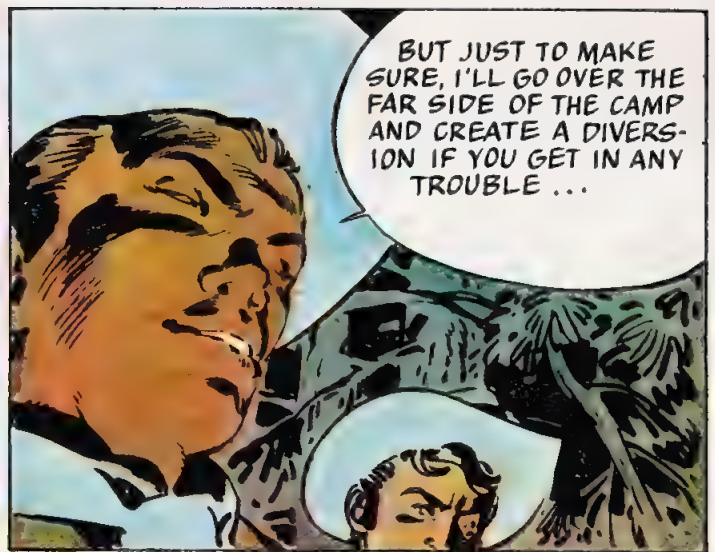
IN THE MESCALERO CAMP, PIPES AND PULQUE* ARE PASSED AROUND THE HUGE FIRE, AND SOON, TO THE SOUND OF SINGING AND THE BEATING OF THE DRUMS, THE DANCE BECOMES FAST AND FURIOUS...



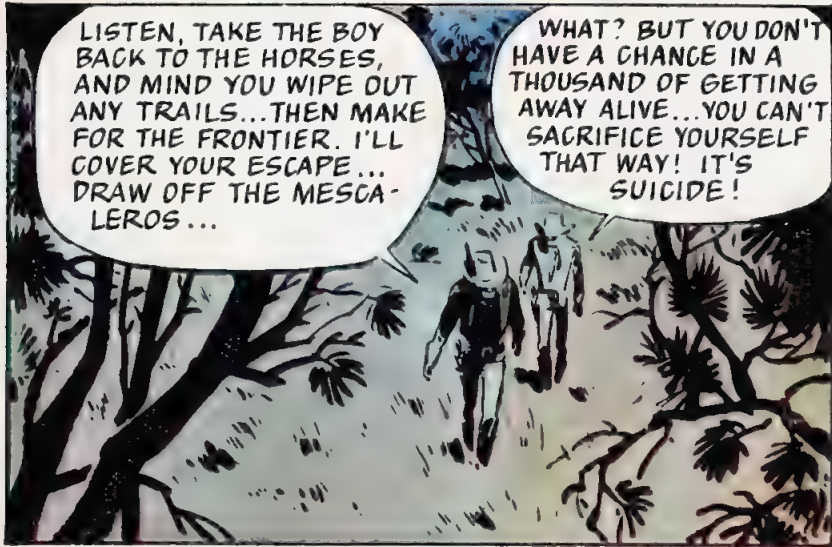


NOW'S OUR CHANCE! WITH ALL THE NOISE THEY'RE MAKING, THEY WON'T EVEN HEAR THE DOGS BARK... I'LL TRY TO GET CLOSE TO THE WICKIUP...

KEEP UPWIND OF THE DOGS... THEN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PART THE SKINS AND BRANCHES THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WICKIUP... WITH LUCK THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE!

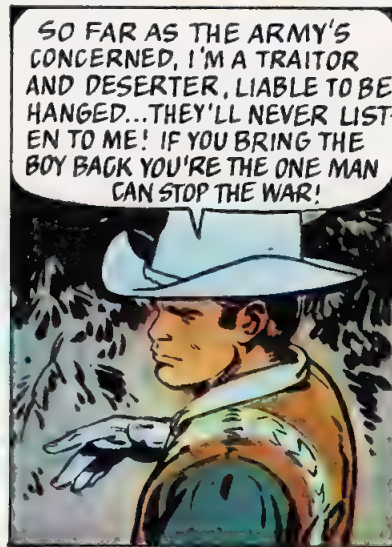


BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE, I'LL GO OVER THE FAR SIDE OF THE CAMP AND CREATE A DIVERSION IF YOU GET IN ANY TROUBLE ...

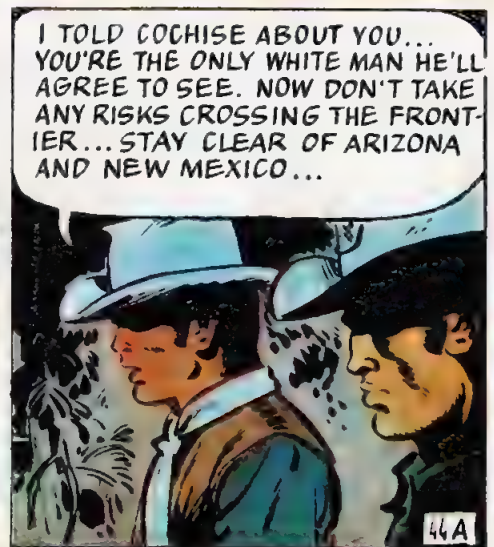


LISTEN, TAKE THE BOY BACK TO THE HORSES, AND MIND YOU WIPE OUT ANY TRAILS... THEN MAKE FOR THE FRONTIER. I'LL COVER YOUR ESCAPE... DRAW OFF THE MESCALEROS...

WHAT? BUT YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF GETTING AWAY ALIVE... YOU CAN'T SACRIFICE YOURSELF THAT WAY! IT'S SUICIDE!



SO FAR AS THE ARMY'S CONCERNED, I'M A TRAITOR AND DESERTER, LIABLE TO BE HANGED... THEY'LL NEVER LISTEN TO ME! IF YOU BRING THE BOY BACK YOU'RE THE ONE MAN CAN STOP THE WAR!



I TOLD COCHISE ABOUT YOU... YOU'RE THE ONLY WHITE MAN HE'LL AGREE TO SEE. NOW DON'T TAKE ANY RISKS CROSSING THE FRONTIER... STAY CLEAR OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO...



I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE... GOOD LUCK, BLUEBERRY!

WAIT... CROWE!



SAY... I'M SORRY I DOUBTED YOU! LET'S SHAKE HANDS... AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU TOO!



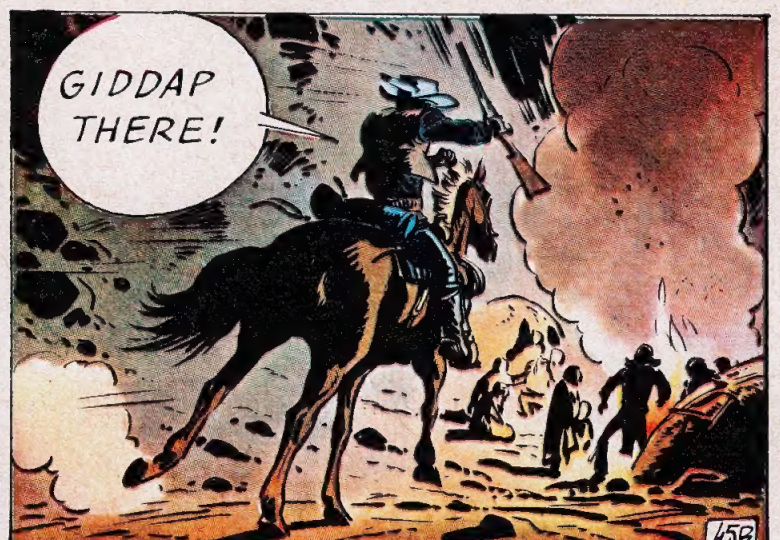
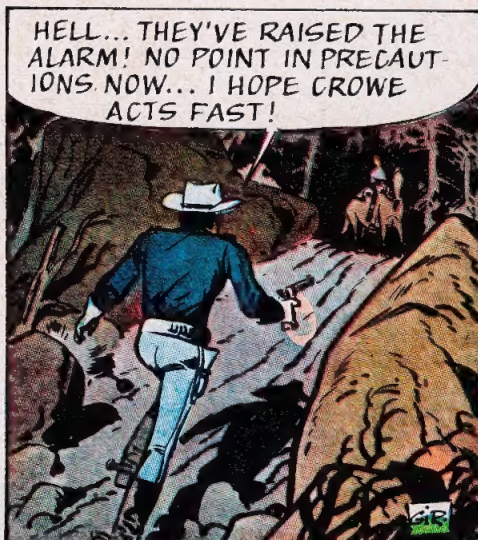
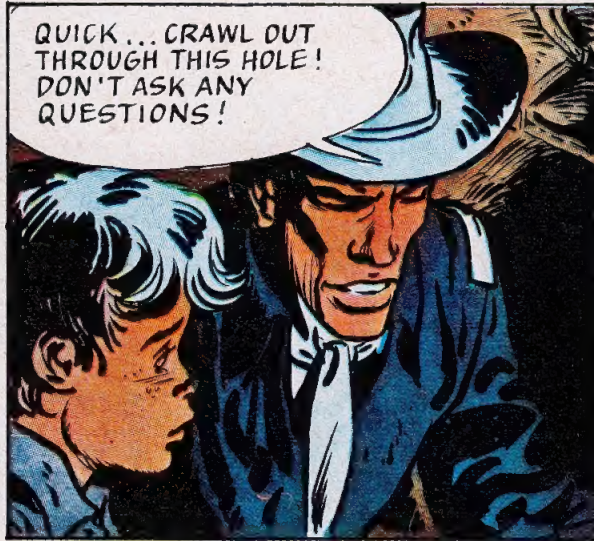
A FEW MOMENTS LATER AS BLUEBERRY IS CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHING THE MESCALERO CAMP...



CROWE, SKIRTING THE CAMP, REACHES THE OPPOSITE SIDE.



THERE... THE WICKIUP WHERE THE KID'S SLEEPING!



CROWE GALLOPS INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE CAMP, SHOUTING AND FIRING ON THE DAZED AND PANIC-STRICKEN WARRIORS

ENEMIES!

POW
POW!

YEEEAH!

HORSES!

BLUECOATS?

POW

THAT'LL BE CROWE... WE BETTER GET MOVING!

POW
POW

POW!

HANG ON, SONNY. GIDDAP!

POW!
POW!

HELL... SOUNDS LIKE HOT WORK BACK THERE... I HOPE CROWE GETS AWAY...

THE HALF-BREED HAS DONE HIS WORK WELL... FIRING SHOTS, TRAMPLING DOWN WICKIUPS, SCATTERING FIRES... FINALLY HE MAKES HIS GETAWAY, PURSUED BY A HAIL OF ARROWS AND BULLETS

BUT A FEW MESCALEROS LEAPING ON HORSEBACK, SET OFF IN PURSUIT...

SAVED BY CROWE'S RUSE, BLUEBERRY GALLOPS ALL NIGHT...

PHEW... THEY DIDN'T FOLLOW! WE'RE OUT OF REACH NOW!

FOLLOWING CROWE'S ADVICE, BLUEBERRY SKIRTS THE FRONTIER KEEPING WITHIN MEXICAN TERRITORY. FINALLY...

WE'RE SAFE NOW, SONNY! THAT'S TEXAS... NO NEED TO FEAR THE APACHES NOW! I'LL BE LEAVING YOU AT THE FIRST CAMP WE COME TO. I STILL HAVE TO STOP THE WAR... COULD BE QUITE A JOB! AND I HAVE TO TRY AND RESCUE CROWE... IF HE'S ALIVE!

WILL BLUEBERRY'S MISSION SUCCEED? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT BLUEBERRY STORY:

"LONE EAGLE"

The Fort Navajo Series of Lieutenant Blueberry Adventures



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